

EX-GERMAN CONSUL ON TRIAL FOR HIGH TREASON

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

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16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

FRANCE'S WONDERFUL ARMY: A HUMAN WALL THROUGH WHICH  
THE ENEMY CANNOT BREAK.



French soldiers crossing a pontoon. The Germans had blown down the bridge, but our Allies' engineers soon flung this structure across the water.



German trench from which the enemy were driven and a gun which they abandoned.



French soldiers crossing a stream.

Never in its history has the French Army displayed greater courage or finer fighting qualities than during the present war. The men form an impenetrable wall against which the Germans are flinging themselves in vain. The engineers have done wonder-

fully good work. Bridge after bridge has been blown up by the enemy, but our Allies make a pontoon most expeditiously, thus saving immensely valuable time. The official report yesterday was again good.





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Turn to Page 10  
—there is an important message regarding

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No. 216

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## PARIS FASHIONS.



A one-piece cloak with fur collar.

A REST FOR THE HORSES. 9391

Field artillery in bivouac. The hard-worked horses much appreciate a brief rest.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

NEWSENDER, V.C. P. 16760

Private George Wilson, who has been awarded the V.C. He was a newspaper seller in the streets of Edinburgh.

BARONESS DEAD. P. 1363

Lady Armstrong (wife of Baron Armstrong), who has died. She was a daughter of the late Sir John Ayle.

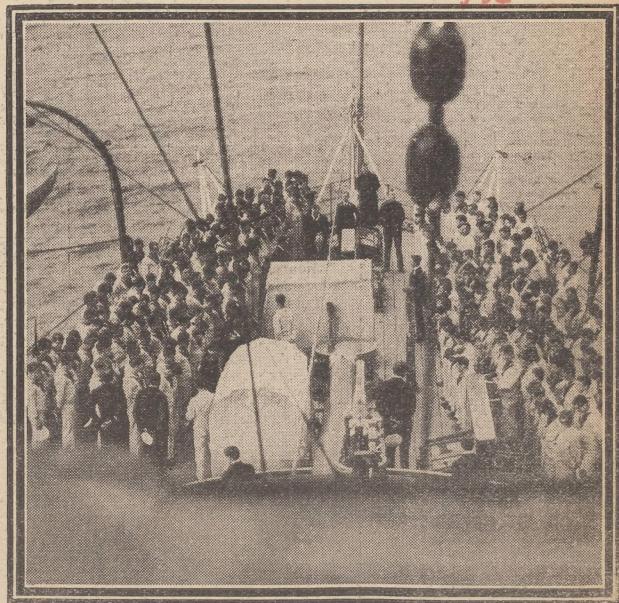
## PRETTY TOILETTE.



Afternoon dress of draped velvet.

FOUR-LEGGED MEMBERS OF THE NAVY: SERVICE ON A WARSHIP. 9 676 E 9240

A list of the pets attached to his Majesty's Navy would prove quite an interesting document. Sailors love animals, and there is at least one on every ship. Many have two or three. The dog and cat seen in the first picture are the best of friends. As



members of the same crew they have sunk all petty differences and live together in peace and amity. The second picture shows morning service on board a warship in the North-Sea.



## REASON TRIAL OF EX-GERMAN CONSUL.

Prisoner Accused of Inciting Reservists to Return to Germany.

### "COMFORTING KAISER."

"That while moved and seduced by instigation of the devil he did unlawfully, maliciously and traitorously adhere to, aid and comfort the German Emperor and his subjects."

In this quaint language of the days of Edward III. ran part of the indictment for high treason alleged to have been committed at Sunderland by Nicholas Emil Herman Adolf Ahlers, fifty, a manufacturer's agent, and ex-German Consul at Sunderland.

He came up for trial yesterday before Mr. Justice Shearman and jury at the Durham Assizes.

The indictment took ten minutes to read, but the gist of the charge was that Ahlers, a naturalised British subject, did, after declaration of war, incite German subjects to return to Germany to join the German forces, and assisted them to do so by money and advice.

Accused pleaded not guilty to the charge.

The court was crowded, and admission was by ticket only.

### WHAT A NEIGHBOUR WAS TOLD.

Sir Stanley Buckmaster, K.C., the Solicitor-General, Mr. J. Scott Fox, K.C., Mr. Branson and Mr. Potter appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Tindall Atkinson, K.C., and Mr. Mundahl defended.

The Solicitor-General, in opening the case, said the prisoner, who was on his trial for having aided and comforted and adhered to the German Emperor, was born in Hamburg, but came over here to conduct a business, and in 1905 took out naturalisation papers, but immediately on the declaration of war he set himself to do all in his power to mobilise men liable to serve in the German forces.

There was found among prisoner's papers a list of men with military capacity.

He obtained nine passengers' tickets, for which he paid £20 8s. by cheque, the passage to be via Folkestone.

Prisoner told a neighbour he had sent eighteen men to Germany, adding: "I am a naturalised British subject, but naturally I am a German at heart. You would not consider me a sport if I said otherwise."

That declaration disclosed the whole position. It showed that the prisoner had changed his citizenship, but not his allegiance.

When paying one German his fare the person procured asked: "What about my wife?" to which question the prisoner replied: "It is not women that are wanted in Germany, it is men."

After evidence of naturalisation had been given by a clerk from the Home Office, Police-Inspector George Wilkin described the circumstances of the arrest.

### DOCUMENTS FOUND.

Among the documents found in prisoner's office was one containing particulars of twenty men eligible for military service in Germany.

Cross-examined, witness was satisfied that the prisoner conducted a genuine business. He had twenty-six clerks.

Prisoner's wife assisted witness in the search for documents on the occasion of the arrest.

A translator was examined on the documents seized, and especially as to one relating to names of twenty men sent back as liable for military service.

They belonged to the German Army and Navy Reserve and their names borne on the official register were clearly set out. One was described as having refused to travel, and another as backing out.

Mr. J. H. Surtees, local manager for Coops, proved that the prisoner purchased nine tickets to convey German reservists to Goch.

After further evidence the hearing was adjourned.

### "MISFORTUNE" OF AN AMERICAN.

On behalf of Henry Beigel, born in Germany, but declaring himself an American citizen, it was stated yesterday at Bow-street that he felt it an aspersion upon him to suggest that he had Teutonic sympathies.

He was arrested at the Savoy Hotel and charged with having failed to register as an alien enemy. His reply was: "I have not registered; I am an American citizen."

The detective now informed the magistrate there could be no doubt that the accused was an American citizen.

Mr. George Cran said that accused particularly wished it to be known that, although he had the misfortune to be born in Germany, his sympathies were entirely Anglo-Saxon.

On the application of Mr. Hodgson, of the United States Embassy, the charge was dismissed.

### FLYING EARL KILLED.

News was received yesterday in Newcastle (Co. Down) that an aeroplane, in which were the Earl of Annesley and Lieutenant Beever, was shot down by the Germans while it was flying over Ostend on November 5.

The earl and his companion were instantly killed.

## BABY'S CLAIM TO INHERIT ESTATES.

Denial That Mrs. Slingsby Wore a Wig and Dyed Her Hair—Husband Alleges "Tissue of Falsehoods."

"Her appearance was the same. She was not wearing a wig and she had not changed the colour of her hair."

These statements regarding a visit paid by the alleged mother of the "baby heir" were made by a witness, whose evidence, taken on commission, was read when the hearing of the remarkable legitimacy case was resumed in the Probate Court yesterday.

A four-year-old boy, known as "Teddy," and formally described as Charles Eugene Edward Slingsby, through his guardian and alleged father, Mr. C. H. R. Slingsby, of Scriven Hall, asks for a declaration that he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. R. Slingsby.

Such a declaration would make him heir to the Slingsby estates in Yorkshire. The boy's claim is opposed by Mr. C. H. R. Slingsby's brothers, who also allege that the boy is the child of a woman living in Chintown, and substituted by Mrs. Slingsby as her own to deceive her husband.

The hearing was again adjourned.

### "EXPECTED THE STORK."

Further evidence taken on commission in America was read.

Mrs. Kelleher, a friend of Mrs. Slingsby, at Victoria, British Columbia, where they lived, said she had heard that Dr. W. W. Fraser (who alleged that the child was handed over to Mrs. Slingsby to adopt) had been prosecuted in connection with statements made in the birth certificate, in which several errors occurred.

Mrs. Black said she was employed as nurse by Mr. and Mrs. Slingsby, and went to Victoria (British Columbia) with Mrs. Slingsby and the child from San Francisco.

Witness had conversations with Mrs. Blain (at whose house the baby was alleged to have been born). She said she had told detectives that the baby was Mrs. Slingsby's.

Did you at any time read a letter to Mrs. Blain in which Mrs. Slingsby is quoted as saying she could not take the courage to tell Mr. Slingsby, as she knew what would happen—Mr. Slingsby would throw her and the child out of the house—I did not. I never received such a letter.

Mrs. Blain, said Mrs. Black, had begun to cry, and said she could not afford to leave her business exposed.

A woman detective had threatened to expose her business unless she said that the baby was not Mrs. Slingsby's baby. She had already told the detectives that it was.

Afterwards, went on Mrs. Black, Mrs. Slingsby wrote to say that she had been betrayed by Mrs. Blain.

### "THE NARROW SLINGSBY WAY."

Dr. A. B. Spalding, of San Francisco, spoke to attending the baby from September, 1910. It was a small, undeveloped child, suffering from immaturity. Mrs. Slingsby had written her husband in September, 1910, saying her baby was only about 5lb. in weight.

Mrs. Mary Turner, birth register clerk in the Health Office, San Francisco, said she copied the original certificate of the child.

On October 19, 1910, Mrs. Slingsby came and said she wanted the birth certificate altered. Witness consulted her superior, who told her to erase the address, which was that of Dr. Fraser, in Grant-avenue, and put in 522, McAllister-street (Mrs. Blain's address).

Mrs. Turner went on to speak of a visit of Dr. W. W. Fraser to the health office one evening.

When he was told that an affidavit in respect to the alterations had been made he looked at the certificate and said: "That's all right."

Mrs. Charles Mackenzie, wife of a J.P. of Ross, told how she accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Slingsby to the Associated Clinics, San Francisco (where, it is alleged, Mrs. Slingsby went to get a baby to adopt) to see if Mrs. Slingsby could be identified by the officials.

In June, 1910, Mrs. Slingsby wrote witness in Scotland a letter saying:

We are expecting the stork in August. I am going to ask you a great favour. That is, that you allow dear little Mary to stand as one of its god-

mothers. If I fall out I want to see that my child is not raised in the narrow way of the Slingsby family.

The same witness said there was no difference about Mrs. Slingsby's appearance when she went to the Associated Clinics to what there was in 1910. Mrs. Slingsby was not wearing a wig, nor was her hair different in colour.

This concluded the evidence for the petitioner.

### "INTIMIDATING THE NURSE."

Mr. Waugh (for the parties cited) said it was a serious issue.

On behalf of the Rev. Charles Slingsby (the child's alleged grandfather), I desire at the outset to reprobate the suggestion that he was a party to doing this lady with detectives, or that his attitude was an adverse attitude at all.

On September 1, 1910, continued counsel, the child's alleged father wrote his mother a letter in which he said, "No news of interest. I think all well here."

That letter, counsel suggested, was written at the suggestion of Mrs. Slingsby, who did not wish the people in England to know she was away in San Francisco.

Yet a few days later two cables were sent announcing the birth of a son and heir. Was it surprising that the family considered them a hoax?

### "TISSUE OF FALSEHOODS."

Through his agents he caused inquiries to be made as to whether a child had been born in Victoria, B.C.

The Judge: There is no doubt that the Rev. Charles Slingsby believed the evidence put before him to be true.

Mr. Waugh: Yes. He was a man of seventy, and would naturally have welcomed a grandson, because Mr. Charles Slingsby (the boy's alleged father) was the only member of the family married.

Mr. Slingsby, jun., answered his father's letter with one in which he denied his wife had deceived him over the child, saying that the evidence obtained by the Rev. Charles Slingsby was

A tissue of falsehoods trumped up by... the basest and most unscrupulous means. They have not hesitated to use the basest means—forging or causing to be forged my wife's handwriting in an advertisement... and bribing the unscrupulous Dr. Fraser and intimidating the nurse.

Counsel added that the Rev. Charles Slingsby was not prejudiced against Mrs. Slingsby, and invited her to Scriven Hall.

### THAT "21ST. CAKE."

So diers Merry Birthday Party Within Sound of Gunfire.

A merry birthday party in an old farmhouse close to the trenches, at which cake, sweets, biscuits and wine sent from home were disposed of by the guests, is vividly described in a letter to his mother by Corporal S. Clarke, of the 5th Signal Troop, 5th Cavalry Brigade, now serving at the front.

"The cake was very nice," writes Corporal Clarke, "the wine was top-hole, the box of sweets was great, the shirts fitted A1, the towels were beyond question and the biscuits went down a treat."

"On the afternoon that I received the parcel we went into billets for a rest, and we were put into a farmhouse. The folks made us quite at home, and a nice big log fire was burning in the open grate of the kitchen. Then I opened my parcel—we simply yelled with delight."

"We started off with bacon, then we had bread, butter and jam followed by the biscuits. Last, but not least, we had that renowned twenty-first cake. Did our eyes sparkle! We finished up with the wine and a cigarette."

"All the while we were enjoying ourselves we could hear the boom of the guns over the hills."



British Army horses wearing jackets. The animals are drawing a London milk cart. Behind is an Indian.

## WOMEN DRESSING MORE SENSIBLY.

War Brings Back Modest Fashions, and Boots, Into Favour.

### NO "SLOUCHY" FURS.

The war has brought back sensible fashions into favour.

Instead of shoes, for instance, women are wearing pretty but cosy boots.

The "pneumonia blouse" has now a collar, and furs are wrapped snugly round the wearer.

Women have a "trim" appearance and look thoroughly protected against the rain and cold winds.

### PRETTY BOOTS OUST SHOES.

In Bond-street every well-dressed woman is wearing boots with comfortable tops instead of small shoes exposing thin stockings of cobwebby substance.

"Boots are certainly being worn more than shoes this winter," said a representative of a Bond-street firm to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. "Women are specially wearing those of Continental make with the fancy cloth or suede tops and the short vamp."

Women wrap their furs tightly round the throat in order to give warmth and to protect the chest, instead of wearing them in slouchy fashion and slung over one shoulder.

### PICTURESQUE COSTUMES.

Although costumes are quite picturesque in design, the coats are mostly double-breasted and buttoned up close to the throat.

There is, too, plenty of fullness of skirt, which means more warmth.

Some of the newest blouses seen in the West End have dispensed with the V decolletage, and have high collars.

"More petticoats are being worn under the fuller skirts which now prevail," a representative of a big West End firm told *The Daily Mirror*.

"These are wider than the slight Tango petticoats of last year. Silk petticoats are also longer."

Some of the French petticoats which have been worn were never more than 34in. in length, but the petticoat is developing now to the length of 38in. and 40in.

### DEATH BEHIND ROCKS.

British "Middy's" Story of Raid on Hills and Turks' Sudden Attack.

A thrilling story of a night between a party of British marines and some Turkish troops in the neighbourhood of Akabiah, Arabia, is given in a letter home from Mr. Leo Mansfield Robinson. Mr. Robinson, who is a midshipman on board H.M.S. Minerva, is a son of Mr. H. M. Robinson, LL.D., ex-Town Clerk of Shorehitch. Under date November 7, he writes to his mother:—

I am still alive, though it is only by the merest chance. We are, as you will have seen from the papers, at present, just off a little place called Akabiah.

When we arrived the inhabitants had evacuated the city, and as they would not surrender we bombarded, and practically destroyed everything except the Arabs' private houses. The troops then fled to the hills.

A large party of 300 marines, all armed with rifles and 150 rounds of ammunition, landed and marched up to the hills at the back of the town. I was in the advance guard, and when we were about 300 yards from the foot of the hill, the enemy, who were concealed behind rocks, suddenly opened fire on us.

The bullets flew all round us like hail, whistling and shrieking past our heads for about thirty seconds.

I immediately ordered my men to lie down and open fire on the enemy, whom we could now see were in large numbers.

In a minute or two our volleys had silenced the enemy, and we were able to retreat without losses.

The captain has decided that the enemy is too strong for us to attack the hills and drive them out, so at present there is nothing happening.

Mr. Leo Robinson is the young man who, three years ago, was "given by his father to the nation."

Convinced that skilled airmen would be of immense advantage to the Navy, Dr. Robinson had his boy trained as an airman for the nation's service.

At the time young Leo was only fourteen years and four months old.

### 34 PERISH IN OIL SHIP BLAZE.

Thirty-four lives were lost off Barrow early yesterday, when the oil tank steamer Vedra, from Sabine, Texas, which had run ashore at the south end of Walney Island, Lancashire, blew up, through her cargo of benzine reaching the engine-room.

Though a heavy sea was running, three tug-boats went out from Barrow, and the Barrow Fleetwood Lifeboats also went to the assistance of the vessel. But out of a crew of thirty-six only two were saved. They were James Dixon, aged twenty-one, fourth engineer, of South Shields, and Frederick McLaughlin, twenty-nine, second engineer, of Marlow, Bucks. Both were badly burned.

The Vedra was a British steamer of 4,057 tons. "It would be wise for Germans to base no hopes on it" is the comment of the Berlin newspaper *Forwaerts*, says Reuter, on the pro-German movement in Ireland.



# "VERY BRILLIANT ATTACK" BY ALLES CROWNED WITH SUCCESS

## Vermelles Captured After Two Months' Mining of Huns' Position.

## BRITISH AGAIN IN HEAVY FIGHT AT YPRES.

## The Kaiser Taken Ill in Berlin and Departure for Front Postponed.

## GERMANS FEAR COAST ATTACK IN NEW ACTION.

British troops are again in the thick of the fighting.

Once more the Germans have begun a heavy attack upon Ypres—generally known to Thomas Atkins as "Wipers"—and Calais, which has cost the enemy such frightful loss of life, is once again the lure.

It is at Ypres that the British, by their indomitable defence against vastly greater numbers, have covered themselves with glory and thrown back the flower of the Prussian Army. The report adds that the British have recaptured Paschendael, a position eleven miles north-east of Ypres and between that town and Roulers, for which there has been heavy fighting.

It is officially reported from Berlin that the Kaiser is suffering from feverish bronchial catarrh, and unable to leave Berlin.

Steady progress and a "very brilliant attack" which made the Allies masters of Vermelles were recorded by yesterday's French official report.

This capture of Vermelles is particularly satisfactory, for it is a success which has crowned two months of desperate fighting.

## KAISER TOO ILL TO LEAVE HIS CAPITAL.

## Emperor Detained in Berlin Suffering from Feverish Catarrh.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 8.—The Kaiser is ill. An official telegram sent from Berlin this afternoon states that he has been obliged to postpone for some days his return to the front, which had been arranged for to-day, owing to indisposition.

He is suffering from feverish bronchial catarrh. He was able, however, both yesterday and to-day to receive reports regarding the situation at the front—Reuter.

## FOOT-BY-FOOT ADVANCE.

PARIS, Dec. 8.—The following official communiqué was issued at 11 p.m.:

In Belgium a violent German attack on Saint Eloi, to the south of Ypres, has been repulsed. The struggle is still very vigorous in the forests of and to the east of the Argonne.

There are no other notable incidents to report.—Reuter.

## TWO MONTHS' FIERCE STRUGGLE.

PARIS, Dec. 8.—The official communiqué issued here this afternoon says:

Yesterday the enemy showed himself more active than on the preceding day.

In the region of the Yser and in the neighbourhood of Ypres our artillery replied with success.

In the region of Arras a very brilliant attack, as we have already announced, made us masters of Vermelles and the Rutoire. Vermelles had been for nearly two months the scene of a fierce struggle.

The enemy had gained a footing there on October 19, and from October 21 to October 25 had succeeded in throwing us out of the locality.

Since October 25 operations of sapping and mining had brought us foot by foot as far as the outskirts, and on December 1 we had seized the park and the chateau.

In the region of the Aisne and in the Champagne there were some artillery duels. Our heavy artillery dispersed the enemy at several points.

In the Argonne—Forest of La Grurie and to the north-west of Pont à Mousson—Forest of Le Preire—we gained a little ground.

On the rest of the front there is nothing to report.—Central News.

## AIR BOMBS ON RHEIMS.

PARIS, Dec. 8.—Progress is reported this morning at two points on the Allied lines, namely, between La Bassée and the Argonne.

The Germans are again bombarding Rheims, this time by means of aeroplanes.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 8.—At nine o'clock on Satur-

day evening the Germans commenced a formidable attack upon Ypres. Up to Sunday evening there was still no result.

The British have recaptured Paschendael.—Central News.

## FRENCH CAUTION IN ALSACE.

LUGANO, Dec. 8.—Fighting in Alsace is now settling down to trench warfare and artillery duels.

The Germans, warned by experience at Verdun, show no desire to attack Belfort. The French, on the other hand, appear reluctant to attack Alsatian towns, in the centres of which the Germans have carefully placed artillery, necessitating a bombardment.

The French advance is confined to the seizure of strategic points, but, if slow, is sure.—Central News.

## NAVAL GUNS IN ACTION?

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 8.—The correspondent of the *Hanelsblad* at Sluis reports that on Monday heavy firing was there audible.

It appeared to be at no further distance than during the preceding days and to originate from naval guns.—Central News.

## NERVOUS OF BRITISH NAVY.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 8.—A correspondent of the *Telegraf* reports that the Germans' apprehension of British action from the sea is becoming more and more marked, and that they even fear the landing of the British.

The windows and balconies of houses at Zebrugge looking on the sea are barricaded with sacks, and Maxims have been placed in position.—Central News.

## GIBRALTAR OF THE CANAL

FRANCE, Dec. 8.—In this world-war the fate of a ferryman's cottage on a canal which no one outside its neighbourhood knew of two months ago finds a place in the British official reports.

This ferryman's house, on the right bank of the Yser Canal, became important because it

## LINGUISTIC PORTER.



An outdite porter named Sanders, who, in addition to his own language, can speak and write French, Flemish, Dutch and German. He is employed at Victoria Station, London.

commanded a bridge which, as both sides wanted to use it in case of an advance, had not been destroyed.

The Germans held the house and had made of it a sort of minor Gibraltar, from which no amount of shelling could apparently dislodge them.

Some 500 French infantry, however, brought about their eviction by a fire rush across the bridge, supported by heavy shell fire and a faint lower down the canal.

It was hot work. The Germans fought fiercely, but were cleared out of their trenches with great thoroughness, and, though there was a terrific struggle for the little cottage itself, the French infantry made themselves masters of the situation before German reinforcements could be brought up.—Central News.

## INDIANS LURE GERMANS INTO DEATH TRAP.

## Bavarian and Saxon Troops Cut Up as Result of a Simple Ruse.

NORTH-EASTERN FRANCE, Dec. 8.—It was announced a few days ago that the Indian troops had retaken some trenches near La Bassée.

This is how French soldiers who were in the vicinity describe the affair.

The Indian troops had just relieved British regiments in a stretch of trenches across the mouth of a great bay in some woodlands.

The operation had been witnessed by a Tanbe, and shortly afterwards the Indians realised that Bavarian and Saxon troops were about to attack them.

Towards dusk the Germans advanced in force, and were met by nothing more than a wild fire, which did no harm.

In consequence the attack was a great success, and when the Germans reached the line of trenches they found them empty, while a few stragglers were seen disappearing into woods in the rear.

The Germans thought the opportunity too good to be lost, and, having occupied the trenches, sent

on a big column, which fired heavily at the disappearing skirmishers.

It was only when the German commander detached companies on either flank to make the woods good for his advance that he got into trouble.

As the Germans gained the edge of the woods they were met by shattering volleys and were driven back by swarms of Indian riflemen, who leapt from the woods to charge the solid German column mixed up with what remained of the flanking companies.

The Indians, with wild shouts, got to close quarters with their foes, and for five minutes there was sufficient hacking, cutting and thrusting to satisfy the most Berserk of warriors.

Then the Germans broke and ran for it, victims of a simple stratagem, while the Indians, recouping their trenches, carried with them a sufficient number of German overcoats to stave off the rigours of the night.—Central News.

## BERLIN'S MAD DELIGHT AT CAPTURE OF LODZ.

## Russian Explanation That Defence of Polish Town Is No Longer Urgent.

COPENHAGEN, Dec. 8.—A dispatch from Berlin says:

Never since the opening days of the war, when the German troops advanced through Belgium into France, has there been enthusiasm similar to that which now prevails over the German victory at Lodz.

Berlin is ablaze with German and Austrian flags.

It is, however, worthy of mention that German military experts have uttered warnings against attacks exaggerated importance to the Lodz victory, which they declare is not in any way decisive.

Everything now depends upon the strength of the German centre, and considerable reinforcements will here be necessary if full advantage is to be derived from the success already gained.—Central News.

Berlin reports, according to an Exchange-telegram from Amsterdam, state that the Germans are pursuing the rapidly-retreating Russians east and south-east of Lodz.

In addition to the heavy losses which the Russians are said to have sustained, the Germans claim to have taken 5,000 prisoners and sixteen guns.

## RUSSIA'S EXPLANATION.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 8.—An official statement issued here says:

Forces of the enemy, composed of German and Austrian effectives, have been observed to the north of Cracow and also to the south of the town.

This intermingling of forces is due to the fact that the Austrians are no longer capable of independent action, and have to be supported by the Germans.

During the fighting in the second half of November the town of Lodz acquired great military importance, but the German offensive on the Lodz-Lodzice line, having failed the question of the defence of Lodz has lost its urgency.

The defence of this enormous city, drawing upon it bombardment by the enemy, presents many difficulties from the military point of view, owing to its front an abnormal contour embarrassing our communications with our rear.

It may therefore be expected that with the setting in of a full on the left bank of the Vistula the Russian line in the region of Lodz will be re-formed.—Reuter.

## LODZ A BLAZING RUIN.

ROME, Dec. 8.—The Petrograd correspondent of the *Messenger* telegraphs that Lodz has been almost destroyed by the bombardments.

A gasometer has been blown up and there have been numberless fires, rendering a stay by the Germans impossible.

The occupation of Lodz, moreover, does not represent a success for the Germans, because their line extended east of the city and the occupation took place following an offensive which drove them back towards Lodz.

Fresh and enormously strong Russian forces have arrived and the battle has been resumed with the greatest violence.—Central News.

## TURKS INVADE PERSIA.

ROME, Dec. 8.—An official message from Constantinople states that the Turks have invaded Persia, occupying the town of Santschbulak.—Central News.

## SERVIANS STRONGER.

"Official news from Servia," says Reuter, according to information from the well-informed Servian sources, "the Servian military position has much improved."

The line formerly spread over a too extended front has now been shortened and thickened. The whole position is therefore much stronger.

We hear to-day that on our left wing the enemy has been put to flight in great disorder, while we have taken guns, much booty and 2,000 prisoners.

The reports spread through Europe by Austria of victories are imaginary.

Now the Austrians forces have been reformed and replenished with troops from the Italian frontier and 30,000 Bavarians.

This new force is attacking us, but has so far had no opportunity for a great battle.

We have the whole of our railway system intact behind us, while the enemy is far from his base.

## "WILL-O'-THE-WISP" OF BRITISH ARMY.

## Commander Samson's Exploits in Aeroplane, Armoured Car and Train.

## PUZZLES THE GERMANS.

Commander Samson is the will o' the wisp of the British Army, and peppers the Germans according to his fancy, from aeroplanes, armoured motor-car or armoured train.

If there is one man who has enjoyed the war, says a Central News message from North-Eastern France, it is Commander Samson.

A Royal Artillery officer the other day estimated that the gallant commander had, one way and another, cost the enemy 5,000 or 6,000 shells, besides innumerable rifle cartridges, and he remains unscathed, save for a prickly thorn in the side of the Germans.



Tales of Commander Samson's exploits continue to circulate. There were two heavy guns, which our Royal Garrison Artillery have very effectively masked. In vain the German howitzers sought to find them. Occasionally they got somewhere near the spot—and then Commander Samson came in.

The armoured train would puff out to a point almost on top of the German lines, fire half a dozen rapid volleys from previously ascertained ranges and puff back.

The battery of howitzers and all the other German guns in range would immediately devote all their attention to the range, but before they could get a range it would have disappeared like a "will-o'-the-wisp," only to reappear at another point—sometimes even at the same point—to give the invaders another rapid dose of heavy shell.

For this kind of mosquito warfare Commander Samson has a special genius.

On another occasion two machine guns continually annoyed our advanced trenches. Eventually they were discovered. One was in a windmill, the other in a neighbouring cottage.

## DARING DRIVE.

Commander Samson took out an armoured car with a 3-pounder quick-firing gun to deal with them.

The essence of the attack was speed, as the car had to be taken quite close to the German trenches.

The Germans were surprised one bright morning to see a low slate-colored car come rushing out of the British lines, followed by a heavy but erratic fusillade.

They concluded that the car was attempting to escape from their enemies, and so refrained from firing upon it.

Just as the car appeared to be about to enter the German lines it pulled up.

## GONE IN FIFTEEN SECONDS.

In fifteen seconds the windmill, with its machine gun and crew, was levelled by the shells from the quick-firer, and before the astonished Germans could collect themselves the gun had swung round and more shells crashed through the cottage windows, destroying whatever was within.

Then the car shot back to the British lines, to be received not with a fusillade, but with a cheer.

If it is not true that the Kaiser has offered £1,000 for the bold commander's capture it ought to be. He would be cheap at the price.

## SOUR AFRICAN GRAPES.

Now that the South African rebellion has failed so dismally Germany is trying to bribe and bluff the Union leaders into making peace in Africa.

Through its wireless Press Berlin issued yesterday the following declaration of its attitude:

The German Government never intends permanently to occupy the South African Union. Germany desires the hostilities which have been forced upon her by the South African Union to cease.

So long as the Union Government abstains from further hostilities against German territory and the invaded territory is evacuated, the South African may establish a neutral State, which would be officially recognised by Germany.

PRETORIA, Dec. 8.—A police patrol of eight men under Sergeant Begbie was attacked by a band of about fifty rebels on Saturday on the farm of de Puiten, east of Warmbad.

Sergeant Begbie and his men occupied a store and defended it for more than an hour, when the rebels retired.

Colonel Commandant Mentz reports from Rustenburg that he attacked a rebel commando on a farm at Boekenhoutfontein.

The rebels occupied a very strong position, and were only dislodged after five hours' fighting.

So far as is known, three rebels were killed and five wounded. Eighty-one were captured.

The rest of the rebels escaped in small parties through the hilly country.

Colonel Mentz lost one killed and five wounded.—Reuter.



# When your Baby starts to walk

*Glaxo is British Made and British Owned, and only British Labour is employed. Like all things British, Glaxo is thoroughly good and genuine.*

you will know that your love and devotion have brought him safely through the perilous first few months of life, and his sturdy limbs and happy, contented disposition will make you glad that you insisted, *from the first*, that Baby's food must be either his mother's milk—or Glaxo, the one safe and most economical alternative for breast milk.

*Awarded Gold Medal, International Medical Congress Exhibition, 1913. By Royal Appointment to the Court of Spain.*

As a *Harley Street Infant Specialist* said when called in consultation over a doctor's own baby, "It must be either Glaxo or a Wet Nurse." Glaxo was chosen, and ten months afterwards the doctor wrote: "I am more than satisfied with the result of 'Glaxo' feeding in my child's case. He is firm, has cut his teeth up to date, and there is plenty of bone. He is now 11 months old, stands up well, and there are no signs of rickets."

Glaxo builds healthier, happier and brighter babies than those fed on starchy and flour foods, because a pure, easily-digested milk is the only food suitable for a young baby, and Glaxo is entirely pure, fresh milk enriched with extra cream and milk sugar. Only the very best milk is made into Glaxo, and, so that it shall be quite fresh, the milk is delivered to the Glaxo factory within two hours

of its being drawn from the cow, and is immediately pasteurised and filtered and the necessary cream and milk sugar added. All the natural sweetness and purity is retained by the Glaxo Process, which dries the milk and cream to a powder, and also causes the nourishing casein of the milk subsequently to form into light, flaky particles easily digestible by even a very weak baby. As another doctor has said: "Glaxo is superior to cow's milk for infants, being so much more digestible, and should be absolutely invaluable to mothers who for any reason cannot suckle their infants."

(Signed)—, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

There is nothing secret about Glaxo, because every mother has a right to know of what the food she gives her baby is composed—and she knows that starch, flour, malt and cane sugar are not in breast milk or in Glaxo. If Nature had thought them necessary or good for Baby, they would be in breast-milk and we should have put them in Glaxo, and we should then have been able to sell Glaxo for less money, because these things—if not so good for Baby—are cheaper than Glaxo. That is why starchy, artificial foods cost less than Glaxo, *but such foods are not cheap* because milk or cream must be added to them to make them nourishing, so that you have not only the food to pay for, but also a heavy milk bill. Because Glaxo is itself milk with added cream and a complete food for Baby from birth, it is instantly prepared by adding boiling water only—no added milk or cream is required—so that you have nothing to pay for but the Glaxo.

Strong babies fed on Glaxo *keep* strong, and when twelve months old look like eighteen months old babies. Weak babies soon lose their weakness when fed on Glaxo, and in a few months are so altered in appearance, health and spirits that they are not recognised as the same babies. A mother says: "Up to Baby being three months old he was very small and puny, and we tried all kinds of foods, milk, and barley water; still he was not thriving. However, eventually we took him to the doctor, who advised us to immediately put him on Glaxo (saying we ought to have done so before), and from that time he has never looked back, and we are constantly being asked what we are feeding him on."

Give your baby Glaxo, either as his sole food or *in turn with breast milk*, and you will be giving him the food which is cheapest in the end, the food which doctors recommend and give to their own babies, the food from which, even from birth, baby can derive *everything* he needs to grow up big and strong and bonnie.



## Glaxo

The Food that  
"Builds Bonnie Babies"

1½, 2½, 5½ Tins of all Chemists and Stores.

Ask your Doctor!



## OUR OFFER

to Everyone who loves a Baby—A FREE Present of the GLAXO BABY BOOK, containing 72 illustrated pages all about Baby. How useful this Book is will be seen by glancing at the index which is given in full below.



"The Practitioner" says:

"We have carefully examined the Glaxo Feeder, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best that has come to our notice. It is remarkably simple; easily cleaned; does not crack when put from hot into cold liquids; its dosage can be accurately measured from both ends; the valve and teat cannot be pulled off by baby while feeding. Its shape is an immense improvement on the usual style."

### Glaxo Feeder

Feeder complete in box with Teat and Valve, 1s. Spare bottles, 7d. each. Teats, 5d. each. Valves, 2d. each. If your chemist cannot supply you, send P.O. direct to Glaxo 45B, King's-road, St. Pancras, N.W.

### FULL INDEX OF THE GLAXO BABY BOOK

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or a Postcard

To GLAXO, 45B, King's Road,  
St. Pancras, N.W.

Please send me by return the 72-page  
GLAXO BABY BOOK offered FREE to  
everyone who loves a baby.

Name .....

Address .....

Chemist's Name .....

Address .....

N.B.—If 5d. in stamps is sent with  
this Coupon a large Trial Tin of  
Glaxo will be supplied to you in  
addition to the Baby Book.

D.M.F.  
9/12/14

Proprietors: J. Nathan and Co., Ltd., Wellington, N.Z., and London.





## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Offices of The Daily Mirror are:—  
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## Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1914.

## THE WISE RECRUIT.

TO talk with an average recruit just now is almost the only means most of us have of getting a rest from the war: we have remarked several times that the new army is the only gathering of men where ceaseless war-discussion does not thrive. It is very strange, this—strange that the civilian and sedentary should have in their war-weariness to get relief from war by converse with men training for it; but it is so—the recruit knows nothing about it; he hasn't time; he does not care; he does not even know. In all this, we praise his attitude, his subordination. He is an example to those who remain arguing, doubting, dreaming.

For these every moment are intellectually perplexed and attacked by the blows of books and pamphlets, and by the reasons revealed in them for the origin and aim of the contest. "Why we went to war." "The causes of the war." "The end of the war." "The war..." We once idiotically sent one of these pamphlets to a recruit.

His thanks came, duly qualified, thereupon: "Why can't you send us something sensible? A tale to read. Not that muck!"

"But surely you want to know what we're fighting about?"

"What's it got to do with me? We're going out there soon."

"Where?"

"I dunno. They don't tell us. Abroad somewhere."

"Don't you know whether you're going to Egypt or Malta or the front?"

"Why should I? I take what comes."

And it became doubtful, next, whether he in the least knew where Belgium was. Somewhere on the coast. Poor old Belgium. This old Kayzer. Give us a cigarette.

Slowly, in such apparently negligible talk, one loses the war-sense—nightmare and overshadowing of war. What rot it all seems, to talk and argue about! Journalists are much to blame. Perhaps, however, they only do it because they must. Those who sit arguing round millions of dinner-tables have no such excuse. Happy, happy recruit!

And (once more let us repeat it) dozens—no, hundreds—are surely impelled into the oblivion of the new armies, into the lethe of training by all the talk about the war. About it and about winds interminably this talk, just as, physically, the recruits perform circumambulant evolutions over the muddy plains, on muddy roads, on heaths at night, or in the daytime. Only, this talk ends nowhere, and the recruits end . . . In France? In Belgium? In Malta? "I dunno."

W. M.

## LOVE OF ENGLAND.

Whoever loves true life, will love true love. I learnt to love that England. Very oft. Before the day was born, or otherwise. Through secret windings of the afternoons, I threw my hunters off and plunged myself. Among the deep hills, as a hunted stag. Will take the waters, shivering with the fear. And passion of the course. And when I last escaped, so many a green slope built on fear. Belovest me and the enemy's house behind. I dared to rest, or wonder, in a rest. Made sweeter for the step upon the grass. And view the ground's most gentle dimplement. (As if God's finger touched you scarcely press. In making England) such an up and down. Of verdure,—nothing too much up or down. A ripple of lanes such little hills, the sky last. Can skip to tenderly and the wisefolks climb; Such nooks of valleys lined with orchards. Fed full of noises by invisible streams; And open pastures where you scarcely tell. White daisies from white dew,—at intervals. The mythic oaks and elm-trees standing out. Belovest upon their prodigy of shade.— I thought my father's land was worthy too. Of being my Shakespeare's.

—E. B. BROWNING.

## THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

## THE SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS.

WILL you allow me, through your paper, to appeal to the directors of railway companies on behalf of my comrades in Kitchener's Army?

Practically all of us are looking forward to spending Christmas at home, but the railway fare will in numerous cases take the shine out of many weeks' pay, and in some effectually prevent the reunion of loved ones.

At a time like the present could not soldiers be allowed to travel free?

We in Kitchener's Army have made many sacrifices, and are prepared to make more, to uphold the honour of our country.

Now is the time for shareholders of railways to show their patriotism in a substantial manner without asking any return from the Government. Imagine the grief of a wife, parent

## GERMAN AND ENGLISH.

I DO not agree with "Traveller" that it is because the Germans are never idle they have captured much of our trade.

Rather I would say that it is due to an utter lack of scruple and the employment by them in the commercial world of the same class of dishonest tactics that they employ in war. No trick is too low down for the German, no scheme too dirty, and he captures trade by the use of methods that a Briton would scorn to touch.

BUSINESS.

## AGAIN THE POSTAGE COMPLAINT.

CANNOT something be done to alter the charges of sending parcels to our brave troops at the front?

Only the other day I received a letter from my brother asking for some cigarettes. I sent

## BRITAIN AT WAR.

## How to Avoid Waste in the Home This Christmas.

## CHRISTMAS AT HOME.

CHRISTMAS is usually a season of over-eating. I have no wish to discourage celebration this year, though they seem singularly irrelevant. But I cannot help hoping that all our people at home will avoid the usual over-eating. Russell-square, W.C. P. M.

## WHY NOT FEWER MEALS?

I HAVE read the correspondence on this subject with great interest—and also with some amusement. It has struck me very forcibly that nearly everybody has laid the blame for

the waste either on the servants or the husband, or on education—and very few have realised that the economy at a time like this is an individual matter, just as fasting in Lent is an individual act. There is no doubt about it that economy does begin at home. But it is necessary for each member of the household to "take a hand" in this economy and in preventing waste.

The prevention of waste is the least practised "prevention" which we have in our English households. I should like to suggest that one of the ways of preventing waste is to have fewer meals—and to eat less at them.

Half the waste that goes on is from the excess of food provided at a meal, and the number of courses and the number of meals that are considered necessary to be eaten in most households.

Why not drop at least one meal a day?

It is difficult to advise which meal could be dispensed with. That, too, is an individual affair. With many people breakfast is the meal they could most easily do without, provided they could have their "early morning tea." I have almost forgotten what an ordinary breakfast table looks like—it is so long since I have seen one. The elaborate "afternoon tea" is another meal that could be easily done away with. Every household decided to have only one substantial meal (and perhaps two light meals as well) a day, what a difference there would be in their tradesmen's bills and in their chemists' bills! And even for the "substantial meal" I would suggest only a two-course meal. It is absolute waste for us to eat more than we can digest, and I am sure that half the ill-health and half the waste and extravagance in England are due to people eating too often and too much. H. M.

## CLOTHES AND COOKING

I HAVE read with interest the letters published recently in your columns, and I wish to state that I have lived for some time both in the south-west of France and also in Paris, and as a domestic servant there, was able to judge about the extravagance of the French working-class.

I think the French as a race are more extravagant than the English in the manner of cooking, but that as regards clothes they are more thrifty than we are.

Kingston-on-Thames. L. E. M.

## IN MY GARDEN.

Dec. 8.—It is very important to grow beautiful low-growing plants at the margin of a border. If the border is bounded by a gravel path the plants can be allowed to ramble about and pretty effects will be obtained.

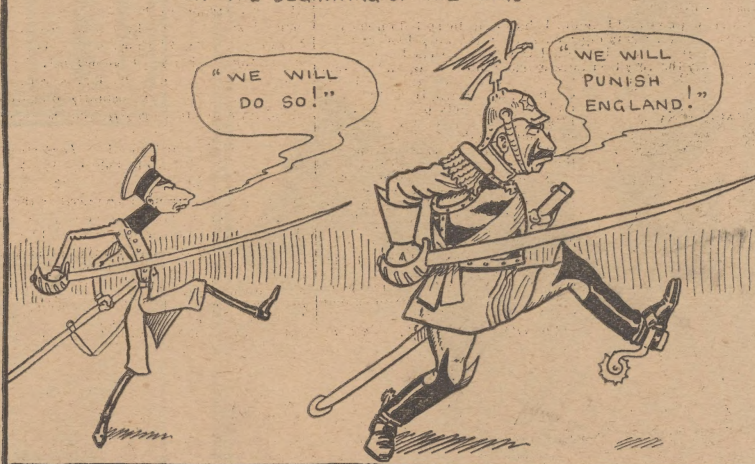
Arabis, aubrietia, alyssum, the rockfoils (including the popular London Frieze), and mountain phloxes will bloom early, while thrift, ajuga, dwarf campanulas and violas will make a brave show during the summer.

It should be remembered that the dwarf lavender makes a charming edging to a broad border and looks attractive throughout the year.

E. F. T.

## BIG AND LITTLE WILLIES' SELF-RELIANCE LOST.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR



NOW



W.K. HASELDEN

"Punish England" is said to be the great aim of the Willies. At first, however, they were going to do this themselves. Now they intend to ask Gott to do it for them.—(Eyr Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

or child denied the joy of a few hours with those whom they may never see again in this world, and surely no one will say it is asking too much. Don't let it be said either that one child in this democratic country of ours was denied the usual present because daddy's pay went on railway fares. H. D. (Private). 7th Service Batt., Bedfordshire Regt., Liphook.

## SHAVING IN THE TRENCHES.

I HAVE shaved for years in cold water, and get over the difficulty of not having hot water simply by washing carefully first. I thought this information might be useful wherever soldiers are not able to obtain hot water for the purpose. I have heard of them shaving with the hot tea which would do them more good internally! HULLITE.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The task before us is to discipline ourselves by labouring for others, not to gratify ourselves by disciplining others.—Mandell Creighton.

him fifty, which cost 1s. 11d., and it cost 1s. to send them. It would have cost the same had he asked for a shirt or a pair of socks.

Is it not for the benefit and advantage of the Allies' cause that these little necessities are sent?

If this is so, I say there should be a "free parcels service."

There are hundreds of cases in which parcels have not been sent on account of this high

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 21d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

charge, whereas if letters were charged it would only be necessary to enclose a stamped envelope in our communications to our brave lads of "French's contemptible Army".

BROTHERS OF TWO TOMMIES.



# ENGLISHMAN JOINS ALGERIAN HORSE.

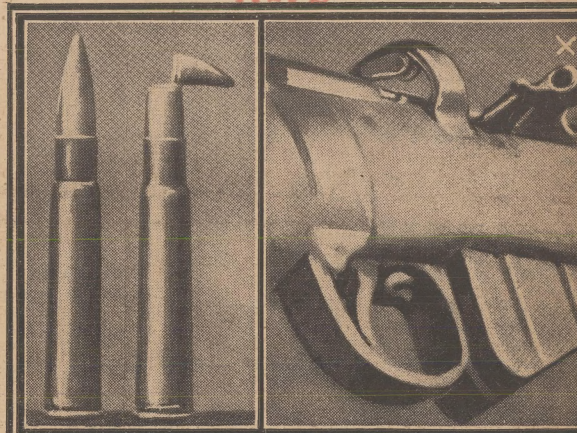
P. 16759



Alfred Stair, an Englishman, who was living in Algeria when the war broke out. He therefore joined the Goumiers (French Algerian cavalry), and was quickly promoted corporal. He has shown conspicuous bravery, for which he has been decorated. —(Daily Mirror photograph.)

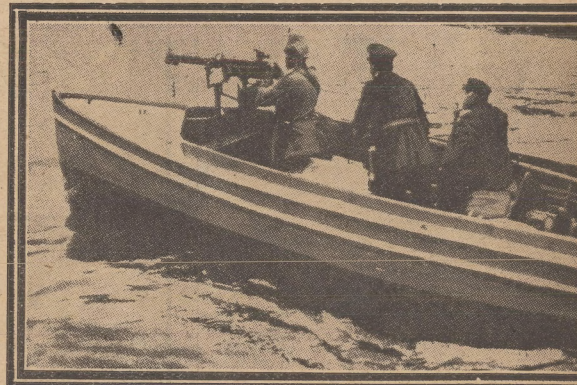
# OLD LIE IN A DIFFERENT FORM

4323 B



The little slot hole (marked with a cross) is said by the Germans to be used in breaking off the noses of British bullets, thus converting them into dum-dums. They do not even stop at forgery to propagate this lie.

# STILL ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE YSER



The Germans have been using motor-boats armed with quick-firing guns on the Yser. But all their efforts to cross the river have, as yet, proved unavailing. They cannot break through the Allies' defence.

# SOLDIERS FIVE.

P. 16759



The four soldier sons of Mr. Chaworth-Musters, of Annesley Park, Notts. The chauffeur is also a soldier.

# HOW "TOMMY" KEEPS WARM IN THE TRENCHES.

4331



During his visit to the front the King watched the manufacture of charcoal for use in the braziers in the trenches. This charcoal does not give off any smoke, and this does not reveal the men's whereabouts. The picture shows soldiers warming themselves.

# OWNER WANTED

411903 K



Photographic miniature found among the effects of an officer killed in action. Will owner please claim it?



# WAR" IN EPPING FOREST: THE ARTISTS' RIFLES' STRENUOUS DAYS.



"Yours are all right." Examining the men's feet after a route march.



Nigger, the mascot.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



The men sleep on bare boards.



Cooking the evening meal.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Attack on a food convoy.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Breaking in a Shetland pony.

The Kaiser is reported to have remarked on one occasion that our Territorials "were fit to guard signal posts and have their legs nibbled by rabbits." But the war has shattered many of his illusions, and if his Huns meet the Artists' Rifles they will find

themselves opposed to highly efficient fighters. This famous unit is now in training in Epping Forest and, as will be seen from the pictures, the men are living strenuous days. It would, indeed, be hard to find a fitter body of men.



# Two Xmas Cake Recipes

## Rich Xmas Cake.

1 packet Cakeoma  
6 oz. Butter  
6 Eggs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Sultanas  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Candied Peel  
2 lb. Currants  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Blanched Sweet Almonds  
A wineglassful of Rum  
(Makes about 5 lbs. of Cake).

**Method**—Rub the Cakeoma and Butter well together until it is quite fine. Beat up the Eggs with the Rum, and add them to the first ingredients and lightly mix; then add the fruit, etc., and again mix lightly but thoroughly all together. Bake in a moderate oven.

## Cheap Xmas Cake.

1 packet Cakeoma  
6 oz. Butter or Lard  
2 Eggs  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Currants and Sultanas  
4 ozs. Candied Peel (cut fine)  
Half glass of Milk  
A wineglassful of Rum  
A pinch of Salt  
Half a Nutmeg grated

**Method**—Mix the Cakeoma, Nutmeg, and Spice together, rub in the Butter or Lard until as fine as bread crumbs. Beat the Eggs and add them along with the Milk, and mix thoroughly. Add the Currants and Sultanas and Candied Peel, and again mix until well amalgamated. Bake in a moderate oven.

**CAKEOMA** is sold everywhere by Grocers and Stores at 4d. per packet.

## A Grand Cakeoma Prize Competition is now running.

Hundreds of Prizes. Cash Prizes from £10.  
A Prize for everyone sending not less than 10 Coupons.

Send a postcard for particulars and the Cakeoma Recipe Book of 32 pages, free, to Latham & Co., Ltd., Liverpool.

In the meantime

**SAVE YOUR CAKEOMA BAGS.**



### 'Baby the picture of health.'

Every mother should read this letter.

47, Scholes Street, Cheetham Hill,  
Manchester, Nov. 4th, 1914.

Messrs. Woodward—  
I feel I must write and tell you what a lot of good Woodward's Gripe Water has done for my baby. I have given it to her since she was three weeks old, and I may say we have never lost a night's rest with her, up to one month ago when I stopped giving it to her; but I may tell you I very soon got it again for her, and she is as good as ever. Now that shows you the good 'Gripe Water' does children. When she was 4 months old she weighed 22 lb. I herewith enclose her photo, which you may print with this letter if you wish. I cannot speak too highly of the value of 'Gripe Water,' and I strongly recommend it to all who have children to bring up. The baby is now 18 months old and she is the picture of health. I remain, yours truly, Mrs. TURNER.

## WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER

Quickly relieves the pain and distress caused by the numerous familiar ailments of childhood.  
**INVALUABLE DURING TEETHING.**

Of all Chemists and Stores, price 1/6. Registered Trade Mark. "GRIPE WATER."

**Questions and Answers About Mackintosh's Toffee.**

Q. Cold weather this?  
A. Yes, Mackintosh weather.

Q. You mean Overcoat weather, don't you?  
A. No! I mean Mackintosh's Toffee weather, for it is "as good as an Overcoat"—it keeps you warm.

Q. Keeps one warm? — how?  
A. In the best way possible — from the inside — a well known Naval Doctor said of Mackintosh's Toffee: "It is fuel to the system."

Q. Just the thing then for the "Tommy" in the trenches, and "Jack" at Sea.  
A. Decidedly so. Scientists have proved that Sugar has a wonderful sustaining effect, and is particularly valuable where hard muscular work has to be done.

Q. Do our troops like Toffee?  
A. Just try them—send a tin to those at the front, or those in camp, and if you are not overwhelmed with thanks, ask us for your money back.

Q. I'll send them some for Xmas — I shall be buying a good supply 'on behalf of Santa Claus.' The children love Mackintosh's Toffee, and I must confess to being a "child of larger growth" myself.  
A. Ah! There are millions like you. Just a word of warning—instant that it is MACKINTOSH'S.

Say NO! certainly NOT, if a substitute is offered.

Chocolate Toffee de Luxe

The Foundation Stone of Public Favour

**TOFFEE de LUXE**

MACKINTOSH'S GREATEST

JOHN MACKINTOSH, Ltd.,  
Toffee Mills,  
HALIFAX.

**3,000 XMAS GIFTS FREE!**

Don't lose another day! Send a postcard now for H. SAMUEL'S Big

**FREE BOOK OF XMAS BARGAINS**

It's packed with Xmas Gifts for everybody, at money-saving prices, and there are splendid Lists of FREE PRIZES for all buyers.

Send your Postcard Now!

**H. SAMUEL**  
83, Market St., Manchester.

**GOLD OBEY RING.**  
Set with 4 Diamonds and 5 fine Inlaid Gems ... 7/6

**36**

Set of Six (randomly engraved) Sterling Silver-plated Tongs in Case complete.

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OPEN TO SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS

**LIFE 1/3 SIZE**

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with **FREE COLOURED MINIATURE**

Will make a Charming Xmas Present.

Now that war has come to us, and thousands of our brave soldiers and sailors are at the front ready to die for their country, many mothers, sisters, friends and sweethearts at home are thinking of them with tender hearts.

Send photo with P.O. for 1/3 and in 14 days we will send you a beautiful permanent life-size enlargement, 20 x 16 unmounted, and a **FREE** hand-colored MINIATURE **FREE**. No guarantee satisfaction or money returned.

No extra charge for groups or single figures from groups.

You must write your name and address clearly on every photo before sending, to avoid loss and delay, and enclose 1d. stamp extra for the prompt return of your photo unharmed.

**THE MONCHROME PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.**  
356, Snow Hill, Eolborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

SEND nine penny stamps to Newball & Mason, Nottingham, and they will send you a bottle of

**Mason's Ginger Wine Essence**

which makes

**One Gallon Ginger Wine**

with the addition of lump sugar.

All who apply before January 15th will receive a Neat Money Box, which makes a Useful Gift for the Children.

**G. N. R.**

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THIS GREAT STORY IS A BIG SUCCESS. BEGIN IT TO-DAY.

# THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMONS.

"Lovely  
not with  
the eyes,  
but with  
the mind."

## New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**SYLVIA CRAVEN**, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head, which helps to balance matters.

**VALERIE CRAVEN**, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

**JOHN HILLIER**, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Any thing underhand is abhorrent to him.

**STANHOPE LANE**, a "smart" man about town, whose sense of honour is a classic one where his own desires are concerned.

**SYLVIA CRAVEN** is trying to complete an exquisite piece of embroidery at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street, where she has been engaged since she left a convent.

Her head is bent over her work, but she is being pestered by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Cunliffe. She is very angry, and takes no notice of the man's pleading. "Aren't you going to forgive me, Sylvia?" he asks earnestly, though there is an unpleasant smile on his face. As he speaks, he catches hold of the girl's wrists and draws her towards him steadily.

There is a movement behind the half-closed door; a girl's faint cry and a man's half-smothered exclamation. Very quietly Mrs. Cunliffe enters. Her eyes are blazing with fury.

Mrs. Cunliffe is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy of Sylvia's attractions for Lane and of her own youth and looks. She refuses to listen to Sylvia.

"I have no further use of your services," Mrs. Craven says with tight-drawn lips. "And this will be useless for you to refer any future employer to me."

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with whom she lives, of the disaster that has happened. She reaches the little flat worn out with the strain. She has another bitter disappointment, for Valerie, who should have been in, is not there. The place looks very chill and dreary.

On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face. With a little childish impulse, Sylvia goes up to it and brushes her lips across the glass. "You have made me feel better, you have strengthened me; you always do," she says with a little laugh.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her. In a short while they are to be married.

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid. She has a deep-down affection for him which she is forced to keep to herself. He is a man who would never fail anyone.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair, and that she is leaving right away for South Africa. She encloses £5, which is all she has to spare for the time being.

Sylvia is terribly upset and she lays down her head and cries as though her heart would break. But her tears are more for John Hillier—John Hillier who has been working and waiting so faithfully for so long. When she recovers she opens the other letter. It is from John Hillier! As she reads her heart sickens within her.

Beloved, the world has fallen about my ears, and I sit here to write a last letter to you before the darkness swallows me up for ever. . . . John Hillier's handwriting is a blinding glare, and his work-day life is finished. . . . But I can't give you a letter, he cries. "I'm a coward, and I'm blind and useless, but I can't give you up."

Sylvia sits there frozen with horror and pain. She has opened a letter to Valerie, and she reads the ghastliness of the situation stuns her. John Hillier is blind and ill!

Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds swift-winged into her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier is alone and wants love. She could give it—she knows now that she has loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come home to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

On the verandah of a bungalow in Magalla, in India, John Hillier sits at an attitude of intent listening, as he has been sitting for many days. Suddenly he hears a faint noise. "Who's there?" he demands sharply.

"It is Valerie," says a girl's voice almost in a whisper.

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

## THE TRIUMPH OF A LIE.

SYLVIA'S breath stilled as she said it.

There was a little pause.

So, already, at the very outset, she was found out! Blind and helpless as Hillier was, the instinct of love was not to be deceived. He knew that she was not Valerie. Her heart beat so wildly that she wondered if it were its terrified fluttering that had betrayed her. Sick with apprehension, she waited for the words of condemnation.

But no words of condemnation came. He had not found out.

"Yes, it's you, Valerie," he said, in a queer, broken voice.

He made a movement as though he would have bent and kissed her; then, almost violently, he set her from him.

"Forgive me. I had no right to do that. But I was taken a little by surprise. How on earth did you get here, Valerie? And what a reception to give you! But the truth is, I've had rather a bother with my eyes—"

"Oh, I know—I know," she said, scarcely daring to raise her voice above that little strained whisper. Jack had not condemned her, it was true. He had called her Valerie. . . . but his manner had changed completely. He spoke now as he might have spoken to a stranger.

"How did you know?" he demanded. "Did Seton write? Officious ass. But won't you sit down? There must be a chair somewhere."

He took a few quick steps forward, caught his foot against some obstacle and stumbled badly. Sylvia heard him swear under his breath as he came to a stand still, afraid to move again, lest he should repeat this exhibition of his weakness.

Instantly Sylvia was aware of this fear. Her heart contracted with a swift pang as she looked across the dim space of the room. This gaunt, white-faced, unshaven man, stumbling with the uncertain steps of a child. . . . Jack?

Pictures out of the past flitted across her mind like films across a sheet. Pictures of a white figure flashing by and thither across the smooth turf of a tennis court, pictures of a figure that raced her madly along the sand dunes of the little Flemish village where she had been at school, in the teeth of a wind that sent the long strands of her hair whipping stingingly about her cheeks.

Her eyes were blinded by a burning mist of tears.

"Yes, Mr. Seton wrote," she said. "I am most grateful. He met me at the coast and brought me up. He has been all that is kind. . . . He told me that he had heard that he had heard the voice that betrayed them, and his strained nerves made him lash out at the pity which he conceived to have inspired them."

"I am not grateful to him for meddling in my domestic life," he told her bitterly. "What right had he to do it? To bring you out to India on an affair journey for no purpose. I had not intended that you should hear the truth, Valerie. Now that you have come you must stay. I am doing for I've gone blind. There's no longer any question of—of marriage for a man like me."

"Jack—don't—"

He turned almost savagely. "It's hard on you, I admit. Do you think it's easy for me? But I want nothing—least of all pity. . . ."

Across the little space of the room his eyes came to a moment to rest upon her face. Those poor eyes that were so terribly and patiently blind. It seemed to Sylvia that looking into his face was like looking at some terrible wound—the wound that had been dealt by suffering and disappointment and the consciousness of utter defeat.

"Jack." She made a swift step forward, her hands outstretched. "You must not speak like that to me. It isn't fair or just. What question can there be of 'pity' between us—unless love and pity are one? I love you and I need you—far, far more than you need me—and you must have a little. Will you send me away now—and shame my love? You can't—you can't! It isn't a possible thought that you would—simply to satisfy your man's pride. . . ."

No longer at a loss for words, no longer afraid of misunderstanding, love had taught her his wisdom as love will.

"Jack—for a foolish fetish of pride to condemn us both to unending loneliness. . . ."

And with a movement of precocious tenderness, the movement of a mother who draws down a tired child's head against her breast, she slipped her arm about his neck, Hillier almost resistlessly let her draw his face against her own.

Why should he struggle or strive to resist against this wave of tenderness that would sweep his battered little barque of life into a deep haven? The doubts that had assailed him in the long hours that the blind can give to thought were utterly vanquished.

The remembrance of how, when she might have married him three years ago, if she had cared to face him beside him, and how, tacitly, at least, she had drawn back, was forgotten.

In that moment Hillier only knew that the dream he had dreamed of through many lonely days had come true after all.

And Sylvia? For her in this moment which gave him to her fear had fled and memory was swept away. She was not a past or a present. Only the present—and this man, whose need of her was not the need of a lover only, but of a child.

## THE DOOR OF THE FUTURE.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, standing on the balcony on to which her bedroom at the Setons' bungalow opened, shivered a little and drew the folds of her loose wrap more closely about her shoulders.

The wind that swept down from the great mountainous frowning above the cliffs was very chill. On its breath came a sound of music from the native village that crouched, a huddled mass of slaty houses, on one of the ridges of the slopes beyond and above the mission station—wild, unfamiliar strains that thrilled the girl oddly.

Suddenly it ceased altogether and a great silence followed—a strange, almost deathly silence that seemed to bring her very close to the mystery of this new world of the East.

Overhead the sky was brilliant with stars—"a canopy of purple velvet, jewel-studded"—the hackneyed phrase recurred to her now with a new significance. Across the ravine the slopes seemed to catch the moonlight in waves; now a brilliant patch of light where every stone, every leaf and blade of grass in the tangled scrub gleamed out with marvellous distinctness, now a dense mass of cold shadow, black and solid like the face of a cliff. . . .

It was over a fortnight now since she had arrived in Magalla—a fortnight that had passed like a dream, yet which in some ways seemed curiously long. The morning when Mr. Seton had left her alone with Jack in the dim room over at the bungalow across the ravine seemed to be separated from her now by a lifetime of experience.

Looking back, it seemed almost impossible to believe that she was the same woman who had stood, sick and faint, with apprehension, waiting for the words that would show that Jack had detected her imposture. . . . words of contempt and scorn. . . .

But hardest of all was it to believe, looking back over those strange, drearily long days, that there had ever been a time when Jack had not belonged to her as a man seldom belongs to a

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£250 IN GOLD FORFEITED IN CASE OF FAILURE, as explained below. The most wonderful concentration of nutrient substance known to science. One to two boxes daily will develop your system without regard to age, thinness, or state of health. Send for this free box to-day and in one week let the tape measure be your judge.

By EVA G. MILNER.

ONLY a few months ago I was so thin, shapeless, almost cadaverous in appearance that I might have been called a living skeleton. My chest and neck were sunken, my shoulders and chest were saggy, my knees creaked, my entire form so dreadfully emaciated that it seemed literally nothing, but skin and bone.

Friends even thought I was a ghost. I had no energy, no vitality, no strength. I knew my lungs were healthy, but I simply could not get on my feet. I tried every medicine, but I was told that I was too weak to take any more. When I reached this pitiful state, I was told that I was too weak to take any more.

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woman. When he had loved . . . not her, but her sister Valerie.

She leaned on the rail of the balcony and rested her chin on her hands, staring out into the night with his myriad stars.

"But he never loved Valerie," she told herself with a sudden, almost desperate passion. "It was not Valerie that he loved, but the woman he had imagined her to be. His love for herself was utterly different; Sylvia was curiously certain of this. His love for her had its root in his need of her. . . ."

"This time to-morrow," she whispered, pressing her chin deeper into the soft cup of her hands. "This time to-morrow. . . ."

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# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

## With the Swiss Army.

Now and then one is reminded that all the European soldiers in the field are not fighting. Yesterday I received on a special "Field postcard for the troops," printed just like those cards of our own and our Allies' armies with instructions that "It is forbidden to troops to indicate the place of their encampment," a message from a reader in the Swiss Army.

## Waiting and Watching.

He is on the Swiss-Alsatian frontier, he writes me, and he says: "I wonder whether you have ever thought of the fact that the smart *Daily Mirror* pictures and your *Morning's Gossip* are very much appreciated by soldiers other than those of armies on active service. I am on frontier-guard duty not four miles from the French-German lines, and my men take keen interest in your pictures of the great war."

## A Soldier's Envoy.

"Our army is waiting in its trenches for somebody to violate our neutrality," but nobody cares to come and try. As an old London Rifle Brigade cadet I take great interest in the doings of the Territorials. I wonder whether these lines will catch the eye of an old comrade-in-arms at the front?—Frederick Bieri (Lieutenant). I hope the gallant lieutenant will have no occasion to enter into the great struggle, but his note reads almost as though he envied the men four miles away from him—across the border.

## A Rumanian Reader.

The same post brought me a postcard of congratulation from Rumania, where a reader had just received—he wrote on November 21—*The Daily Mirror* Birthday Number. He says:—"I am quite melancholic when your paper comes a few days later than usual—the best proof that it interests me extremely." It seems that there are few places where *The Daily Mirror* does not go.

## Even in Central Africa.

I remember lunching early last summer with a friend who had just returned from travelling in equatorial Africa, and he told me of the great disappointment a page of *The Daily Mirror* brought him out there. He had been travelling for days through forest and jungle land where he thought no white man had ever before been. He was rather proud of himself, he said, until one morning he came upon the remains of a camp.

## He Hated It.

And there beneath the trees, rotting and hardly legible, he found a scrap of paper—a piece of *The Daily Mirror*. "I hated the man who brought it there, and I hated your paper for being there at the time," he said laughingly, "for it did me out of my 'discovery.'"

## A Fine Record.

For keenness, I wonder if the record of a young Queensland grazier, Mr. F. Clive Corrick, can be beaten. A correspondent who has just received the account from Australia sends it to me. Young Corrick was at his father's station, Nappa Merrie, 460 miles from the nearest railway, when war broke out. He determined to join the Australian Expeditionary Force, so he set out at once and rode the 460 miles to Hergot Spring Station.



Mr. Clive Corrick.

## Nearly 2,000 Miles.

Thence he travelled 500 miles in a stock train to Adelaide, and as there was no vacancy in the South Australian Continental and a telegram to Tasmania disclosed a similar state of affairs, he wired to Sydney, receiving a reply that he would be accepted if he came at once. So he set out once more and added nearly another 1,000 miles to his journeying. But he was in time, and succeeded, after a 1,900-mile journey, in joining the colours. Good luck to him.

## Order of the Boot.

A far rarer distinction than any Prussian Order, Iron Cross or similar decoration has just been bestowed on General Hindenburg. I see in several German newspapers advertisements proclaiming the superlative merits of the "Hindenburg" boot.

## It's a Long Way to 7,000.

This is the version of famous "Tipperary" as they sing it in the high air, so a friend in the air service informs me. To me 7,000ft. above the earth seems a terribly dizzy position; to the giddy airman, apparently, it is the minimum of comfort. But this is the verse—

It's a long, long way to 7,000,  
It's a long way to 7,000,  
It's a long, long way to 7,000,  
On a 50-hp. Gnome.  
With the bullets buzzing round you  
And the Germans down below,  
It's a long, long way to 7,000,  
But it's the safest place I know.

## A Way They Have in the Army.

Recruiting officers occasionally find a touch of humour in their work that helps to liven up the day. One of them told me yesterday of an incident that happened not many days ago. A much-bedecked young man had just been sworn in. His coat was covered with the flags of the Allies, an excess of patriotism that did not altogether please the veteran sergeant on duty.

## He Was a Soldier.

When the oath was taken and the new recruit was about to leave the hall, he turned to the sergeant and said: "Now what do I do?" The veteran looked him fiercely in the eyes. "Take those flags off your coat. You're a soldier now, not a Christmas tree," he said. And my friend admits he had, for the sake of discipline, to discover "urgent business" in a far corner for a moment.

## 102 Footballs Distributed.

The Football Fund is growing magnificently. To use the vernacular of the French official, "Yesterday the fund made some progress, the applicants yielding ground all along their front." Already 102 footballs have been forwarded to soldiers, either at the front or in the training camps of this country. I still have some seventy applications to satisfy—twelve arrived by the first post yesterday morning.

## Now for the Second Hundred.

But I have in promises and footballs some thirty in hand, so that, to rout the applicants completely, I want another forty balls. But then there will be reinforcements by every post, so we had better make it another 100, you and I. Who will help to complete the second hundred?

## Send Them Along, Please.

Among the footballs received yesterday were four from the Harrow Crusaders, purchased out of their War Help Fund; three from "Jean, Mary and Nancy," one from the telegraph girls at the Oxford Head Office, and one from Lady Crawford. To all these and to other kind donors whom I have not been able to mention my best thanks. When addresses are enclosed acknowledgments will be sent by post. Now for the second hundred. Footballs for the trenches and the camps, please.

## A Crack Sniper.

Private A. G. Fulton, the crack Territorial shot, is, I see, already making himself felt amongst the German snipers. There can be few, only very few, sharpshooters in the world who can live with him. In his case his extraordinary shooting is hereditary. I was present at Bisley a year or two back when he won the most coveted of all shooting prizes—the King's Prize. His father, who won it a generation before, was the first to shake him by the hand.

## Soldier and Musician, Too.

Private Fulton lives in the neighbourhood of Bisley, and he always used to ride up to the butts on his motor-cycle. This surprised me, knowing the delicate nature of the task he had in hand, and I asked him whether the vibration did not affect his accuracy of aim. He smilingly told me that it didn't make the slightest difference, as he had no nerves to upset. Afterwards I went back to his house, where I learnt that Private Fulton was also a fine violinist, as well as a crack shot.

## English Don't Bathe.

When the Hun is cross he is very, very funny. The usually sedate *Cologne Gazette* has just had a column-long article in which it attempts to prove that the English never wash; that those who are prisoners in Germany are so dirty that the French prisoners won't be anywhere near them, and that the British soldier is the laziest in the world. Now we know.

## Mr. Pemberton's Clever Play.

For the second time I have seen Mr. Max Pemberton's brilliant little drama, "The Bells of St. Valoir," at the Coliseum, and I liked it even more on the second visit than I did at the first. Mr. Pemberton has a peculiarly happy way of writing of war—do you remember his



Mr. Max Pemberton.

"Garden of Swords," one of his earlier novels that dealt with the Franco-Prussian War of 1870? But to "The Bells of St. Valoir."

## Its Realism.

Its realism is really surprising; one doesn't realise quite how true to life it is at first, but just such drama and such paths are being acted in real earnest not so very far away from the Coliseum, to be exact, somewhere under 150 miles. There are Belgian chateaux now where the brutal Prussian rules, and the unhappy Belgian family suffers all, and more, the insufferable things that happen in St. Valoir.

## What Von Kluck Said.

But Mr. Pemberton has lightened the tragedy with real humour. What Von Kluck said when he didn't get to Paris—do you know? "I won't tell you, but the jest 'went great,'" to use the stage vernacular, so did the topical references to "the contemptible little army" and other up-to-date themes. I liked Mr. Pemberton's reviews, but I think I like this side of his work better. I can recommend "The Bells of St. Valoir" as an after-dinner relaxation and as a really brilliant little play. And here may I pay tribute to the clever company that interprets the drama for us?

## The Belgian Play.

I also rambled to the Criterion to enjoy the Belgians in their performance of "Le Mariage de Melle Beulemans." Women who feel the injustice of being unable to vote should go to the Criterion and study diplomacy under Suzanne. She is a winsome creature who gets everything she wants, manages her own family, that of her ex-fiancee and the one of the man she loves. She does all this without sacrificing one of her principles, and in such an agreeable way that I came away feeling perhaps glad that all her sisters had not her secret charm.

## A Marvellous Wig.

Monsieur Libeau, as the father of Suzanne, has acquired the drollest walk. Every time he went across the stage the audience burst into laughter. I was particularly interested in his wig. It fitted so well and looked so natural. The bald part seemed to be made of some soft material, like stockinet, that lay close to the head, and was a great improvement on some hard-looking, stiff ones that I have seen; the small thin line where it joined the forehead looked like a wrinkle. Where the hair began on the bald part of the wig it seemed to be painted so that it looked flat and thin, then it worked down into real hair at the bottom of the wig.

## Le Roi Albert.

Last night was the first time I have ever heard the whole of the Belgian National Anthem. It was played by the orchestra before the curtain went up, all the audience standing. At the end of the last act one of the members of the company stepped forward and sang it. The audience seemed anxious to join in, but I don't think they knew the words. However, they made the most of the words "Le Roi, La Loi, La Liberté." All the company faced the side of the stage, and when singing Le Roi pointed in the same direction, so I conclude there must have been a picture of King Albert hanging on the stage.

## Poland's Mystery City.

Lodz—which, by the way, should be pronounced Lodge—was yesterday described to me by a famous traveller as Poland's "mystery" city. Nationalities, religions and politics are all fierce bones of contention in the great straggling city just captured by the Germans, and the mills not only turned out cheap and rather poor "cottons," but also some of the most pernicious of the innumerable secret societies with which Russian Poland is infested. It is—or perhaps I should say was, as the war has altered things very much—the stronghold of such societies as "Land and Liberty" and the much-dreaded "Bund."

THE RAMBLER.

## A FINE TREATMENT FOR CATARRH.

### EASY TO MAKE AND COSTS LITTLE.

If you suffer from Catarrh, head noises, sore throat, asthma, or Hay Fever, here is a fine recipe that invariably effects a permanent cure after all other treatments have failed.

Its effect in the worst cases is most striking and positive.

The Catarrhal poison is quickly driven from the system, and its tonic action immediately increases the vitality, which is always lowered by this insidious disease. From your chemist obtain 1oz. of Parmit (double strength), about 2s. 6d. worth, take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water, two tablespoonsful of brandy and 4oz. of moist or granulated sugar. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most miserable headache, dullness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, Catarrhal discharges, head noises and other loathsome symptoms that always accompany this disgusting disease.

Loss of smell, defective hearing, and mucous drooping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of Catarrh, and which are quickly overcome by the use of this simple treatment.

Every person who has Catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.—(Advt.)

## WAR-TIME PRECAUTIONS.

The anxiety and excitement of waiting for news makes tired, hot faces, and the complexion will be injured if we try to get cool by dashing water on a perspiring skin. Pomey Day Cream, the cooling, refrigerant application, cleanses the skin and pores and leaves the face smooth and rested. It can be trusted, which is more than can be said for some complexion cures, many of which are alien enemies in more senses than one. Pomey Day Cream is British; it is as cheap as ever—a half-crown jar from the chemist's lasts a long time—and it can be trusted to do good and nothing but good to the complexion, besides being very pleasant in use.—(Advt.)

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A healthy body has a soothing and brightening effect on the mind, and in such anxious times as the present, to fortify the body against ill health is the surest way to strengthen the power of endurance.

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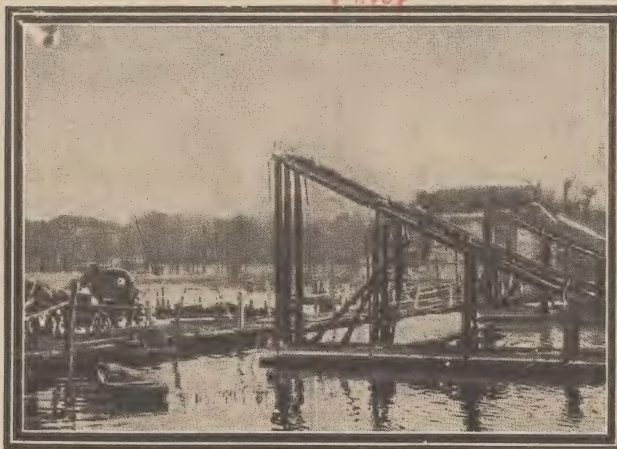
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2/-

## RETREATING GERMANS DESTROY BRIDGE.



Bridge burnt by the Germans before evacuating a town in Poland. The Russians have erected a temporary structure. ("Daily Mirror" photograph)

## The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 11.)

Seton standing in the window behind her. "My dear, it is wise to stand there so long in the heavy dew."

"I was thinking of so many things that I forgot the dew, I am afraid," the girl laughed.

She followed her hostess into the bedroom, and there was a shade that was almost hostility in her grey eyes. The Setons had been extremely kind to her. Mr. Seton, who was responsible for all arrangements for the wedding to-morrow, was a dear. . . . But with the best will in the world, Sylvia could not bring herself to like his sister.

"Laurence asks me to tell you that he is going over to Mr. Hillier's bungalow now, if you would care to accompany him. There are one or two things that Mr. Hillier wants to talk over before the wedding."

There was a tone in Miss Seton's voice that seemed to imply the hope that they were unpleasant things. She was one of those women who are afflicted with what is called an "unfortunate manner." There were other things unfortunate about Edith Seton as well—the way in which her thin hair grew above her polished temples, and a certain furtive look in the blue eyes, set just a shade too near her nose. John Hillier detested her, as he had lost no time in telling Sylvia.

"She's a terror, Valerie. She—well, never mind, only if you love me, ward her off . . . the servants can't always manage it."

These words were in Sylvia's mind when she very sweetly declined the lady's offer to accompany her to the bungalow to-night.

"Laurence may be called away, you know, and—"

"I shouldn't dream of troubling you, dear Miss Seton. Mr. Seton is a splendid escort—I'm not a bit afraid."

"Hillier's in fine spirits," the missionary said as they went down the steep path together. You've been his salvation, Miss Craven. I can never be sufficiently grateful for the inspiration that came to me to write to you as I did. Some day you will realise just what your coming has done for Hillier."

The girl said nothing, her heart was too full.

"If you go in and have your chat I'll look round for one or two of the boys," Seton said. "I shan't be long. We've to be stirring early to-morrow, you know!"

He laughed as he strode off, and Sylvia very softly pushed aside the grass mat curtain and went into Hillier's sitting-room.

The man did not hear her approach. His back was towards her, and he was intent on something that he was turning over in his hand. A letter. In the light of the swinging lamp above his head Sylvia could see it very plainly. A large square envelope of palest blue linen paper.

A curious contraction seemed to seize her throat. Her breath came with a little gasping sound. Hillier started.

"Hallo, that you, old girl? Come here! Do you see what I've got?"

He held the envelope up, smiling. Sylvia saw it very well indeed. It was an unopened letter, addressed in Valerie's characteristic hand.

"It came by the mail half an hour ago. A letter from you, Valerie. . . . I could never be mistaken. Been delayed, I supposed. What sport! Now you shall read it to me yourself."

The dramatic intensity of this splendid story will be increased in to-morrow's instalment.

## SERVIA'S TIT FOR TAT.

NRSH, Dec. 7.—The following official statement is issued here:—

On December 5 the fighting on the north-eastern front continued. Along the whole line our troops gained successes and especially on the left wing, where the enemy was overwhelmed and had to retire in disorder. In the pursuit we took six officers and 1,610 prisoners. —Reuter.

## FISH COSTS MORE.

Big Rise of Prices Follows Restriction of British Areas of Fishing.

Owing to the restricted areas of fishing round the British coast the price of fish has gone up considerably since last week.

Almost all varieties of fish—notably soles, turbot, plaice and herrings—fetched big prices yesterday owing to the small quantities which are arriving at Billingsgate.

Some interesting figures, showing how the retail price of certain varieties of fish has gone up since last week, were given to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. The prices are given below:—

	Last Week.	Yesterday.
Soles, per lb. . . . .	2s. 0d.	3s. 2d.
Turbot (whole fish), per lb. 1s. 4d.	2s. 0d.	2s. 0d.
Plaice, per lb. . . . .	1s. 0d.	1s. 3d.
Cod (whole fish), per lb. . . . .	8d.	1s. 0d.

How other varieties of fish have risen in price will be seen by the following figures of prices given to *The Daily Mirror* by a well-known firm of fish merchants:—

	Last Week.	Yesterday.
Herrings, per barrel . . . . .	27s. 6d.	43 to 45s.
Salmon, per lb. . . . .	4d.	6d. and 7d.
Hake, per lb. . . . .	5d.	10d.
Haddock, per lb. . . . .	4d.	6d. and 7d.

A barrel of herrings contains between 400 and 500 fish," a member of the firm told *The Daily Mirror*. "To-day's high price, brought about by the shortage of supplies, is very remarkable."

"I hope that more normal supplies will be coming into the market shortly. At a time like this it is impossible to forecast how the prices of fish will fluctuate in the future."

## NERVOUS OF BRITISH NAVY.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 8.—A correspondent of the *Telegraph* reports that the Germans' apprehension of British action from the sea is becoming more and more marked, and that they even fear the landing of the British.

The windows and balconies of houses at Zebrugge looking on the sea are barricaded with sacks, and Maxims have been placed in position.

It is stated that the sea dyke at Heyst has been mined.

The closure of the frontier in the coast region is still being rigorously maintained.—Central News.

## TO REDUCE WEIGHT.

£100 IN CASE OF FAILURE.

HOW ANY FAT PERSON CAN QUICKLY REGAIN A SLENDER, WELL FORMED FIGURE.

Every fat man or woman can now reduce fat to normal without dangerous drugs, oils or acids, tiring exercises, weakening diets, irritating bath salts or other harmful old-time methods. Certain harmless sea plants extract known as Salith leaves actually dissolve all excess fat and prevent more fat from forming so that a permanent weight reduction is produced without leaving wrinkles or flabbiness even in the most obstinate cases. No matter how fat you may be, no matter what your age, sex or condition of health, no how many things you have tried without success, get a box of Salith leaves from your chemist. Take them as directed and watch yourself grow thin. We have been authorised to say that £100 will be paid to the first man or woman weighing over 20 stone who can satisfactorily prove that after following the Salith leaves treatment as directed, his or her weight is not reduced. Salith leaves are not expensive, purely vegetable and are guaranteed perfectly harmless. Weakness, lassitude quickly disappear; you feel more vigorous from the start. Stop when you have reduced as much as desired.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR LAYONA LIQUID SHAMPOO, which contains 5% of Lavona de Campore, thus promoting hair growth as well as cleansing the scalp. Price is 6d.—(Adv.)

## Are you Pale, Depressed, Weak, Breathless, Weary and Easily Exhausted?

If you are—ask yourself *Is it Anæmia?* Anæmia is really weak, impoverished blood—blood in which the red corpuscles essential to life and health are numerically deficient. Symptoms of Anæmia are Lack of Energy—Depression—Breathlessness at Slight Exertion—Pallor. When any of these signs appear take instant steps to enrich and strengthen the blood before the disease can take a firm footing.

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## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Whether your baby grows up to be a healthy man or woman or not depends on the food which it has now.

Give your baby Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food in its tenderest years, and you will be rewarded by seeing it later grown into healthy youth and manhood or womanhood. Dr. Ridge's Food is concentrated nourishment which even the weakest stomach can assimilate. It is the premier food for body and brain, quickly transforming a fretful, weakly baby into a picture of happiness and health.

Make the test—try your baby on Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food for one week. You will then realise its great value. Doctors, nurses and thousands of grateful mothers recommend Dr. Ridge's Food. Every chemist and grocer sells Dr. Ridge's Food in 6d., 1s. and 2s. tins, also in 2d. packets.—(Adv.)

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is quite safe to use. It contains no opiates, and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once.

Fill up form, and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, druggists, and grocers for 2/-.

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## BANGOR PIER BADLY DAMAGED.



Bangor pier, damaged by the steamer Christiana, which was swept against the structure during the great gale.

## NEWS ITEMS.

### Swedish Steamer Mined.

The Swedish steamer Nora Sverige, says an Exchange Special message, yesterday struck a mine off the coast of Finland and sank, the whole crew of twenty being drowned.

### Two Hurt in Train Smash.

Two men were severely injured yesterday in a collision on the Great Western Railway at Upton, near Glastonbury, between two goods trains, eleven trucks of which were totally wrecked.

### London's School for Waiters.

Proposals for increasing the facilities at Westminster Technical Institute for the training of British boys as waiters will be made at to-day's meeting of the London County Council Education Committee.

### Mother's Loss of Ten Children.

That she had had fifteen children, ten of whom had died, was the statement made yesterday by the wife of a soldier named O'Connell at a Westminster inquest concerning the death of her eight-week-old baby.

### Cupid Cheered by War.

Women teachers marrying men going to the front are to be allowed by the Isle of Wight Education Committee to hold their teacherships till the end of the war, in spite of the rule against married women teachers.

### Naval Officers Court-martialled.

Tried by court-martial at Toulon in connection with the loss of torpedo-boats 347 and 348 by collision, 2nd Lieutenant Yen, says Reuter, has been acquitted, and Chief Petty Officer Tristani has been found guilty through lack of judgment.

### Cutting Down Their Own Salaries.

A resolution stating that the Deputies have decided to relinquish from January 1, 1915, a fifth part of their official salaries for the benefit of the victims of the war was submitted yesterday, says Reuter, to the President of the French Chamber.

## TURKS BEGIN "DUM-DUM" TALE.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 7.—A telegram from Constantinople states that the following official communique was issued from the Army Headquarters to-day:—

"Near Adjara we have gained fresh successes over the Russians, who are making use of dum-dum bullets."

"We have captured one gun and numbers of bombs, arms and ammunition."

"Russian attacks east of Lake Van have been unsuccessful."

"Our troops advancing from Revander have occupied Soujbak, which is an important Russian point d'appui in the province of Azerbaijan."—Reuter.

## A CHILD'S LAXATIVE IS "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

They Love to Take it, and it doesn't Harm the Tender Little Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

If your little one's tongue is coated, it is a sure sign that the stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once. When your child is cross, peevish, listless, pale or doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally; if breath is bad, stomach out of order, system "stuffy" with a cold, throat sore, or if feverish, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the clogged-up, constipated waste-matter, sour bile and undigested food will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know that its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure. They also know that a little given to-day saves the child a day of illness to-morrow.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company," and sold by all leading chemists, 1/4 and 1/8. Refuse substitutes.—(Adv.)

## FAVOURITES FAIL.

Small Fields and Runaway Victories at Leice ter—Windsor Meeting To-day.

The concluding stage of the Leicester meeting provided little moderate sport yesterday, and although fields were on the small side through-out only two odds-on favourites managed to score during the afternoon.

Kodak made his first appearances over hurdles in the Oadby Hurdle, but he could not get a place, and Mark Minor beat the even-money favourite Amble by three lengths.

Easy victories, indeed, were quite a feature of the sport, and the only finish to arouse any real excitement was the Wigston Hurdle, in which Atherton beat Beavril by half a length.

Eager Simon, an odds-on favourite, had an easy task to beat the penalised Bronzewing III. in the Leicester Hurdle, and another runaway victory was gained by Cross My Palm in the Belvoir Steeple-chase.

## SELECTIONS FOR WINDSOR.

1. 0.—Wednesday Hurdle—MACMERRY.
- 1.30.—River Steeplechase—GEOFFREY HILL.
2. 0.—Windsor Hurdle—DABBER.
- 2.30.—Clew Steeplechase—MASTER AT ARMS.
3. 0.—Thames Hurdle—RAMSGATE.
- 3.30.—Forest Steeplechase—BLOOMING.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.  
\*MACMERRY and RAMSGATE.  
BOUVERIE.

## LEICESTER RACING RETURNS.

1. 0.—Oadby Hurdle. 2m.—Mark Minor (4-1, Par. event), 1. Aurette (evens), 2. Crossard (10-1), 3. Also ran: Tomlin, Struck, Kooly, Wain to Law, Polyplot, Ben Nevil, Crystal Mirror and Grithorpe.

1.30.—Wigston Hurdle. 11m.—Atherton (5-1, Robson), 1. Beavril (10-1), 2. Roy Hamilton (9-4), 3. Also ran: Prickly, Little by Little, Olaf's Pride, Tears and Snells, Galham and The Pro.

2.30.—Oadby Hurdle. 2m.—Eager Simon (10-1, Mr. Brabazon), 1. Bronzewing III. (2-1), 2. Desuido (100-8), 3. Also ran: Tidda, Ballymac and Mirliva.

2.30.—Oadby Hurdle. 2m.—Beavril (5-1, Binks), 1. The Stout (5-2), 2. Miss Grudon (20-1), 3. Also ran: Theobald's Park, Beaumanoir, Knight of Aron and Mimbar.

3.0.—Sillyth Chase. 3m.—Finian (5-1, Lees), 1. Waverley's Prince (6-5), 2. Matt McGrath (9-4), 3. Also ran: King of the Scaplets, Ballinagool and Nimble Kate.

3.25.—Belvoir Chase. 2m.—Cross My Palm (4-9, W. J. Smith), 1. Owen John (9-4), 2.

Jack Ross, the Partridge professional, who will figure in the Scottish golf team against an English side at Fulwell on Saturday next, has been given his commission in the 9th Battalion Gordon Highlanders.

The death is announced of Mr. J. Humphries, president, Amateur Skittle Association, 1908-9, and president of the Hammermith Amateur Skittle Club. The funeral will take place to-day at Chiswick Cemetery.

It was currently reported at Leicester that an objection had been lodged against Yellow Chat (who was awarded the Maiden Hurdle Race at Birmingham on the disqualification of Fil d'Ecosse for carrying wrong weight) on the ground of failure to register an existing partnership.

## TO TRUSS WEARERS. SENSATIONAL CURES.

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So remarkable—almost unbelievable—has been the success of the thousand ruptured readers who have been given free treatment by Dr. Stuart, the famous Rupture Expert, that he has decided to repeat this splendid offer to-day.

Another thousand sufferers from Rupture are invited to write at once. They will be given free of charge the benefit of the most amazing discovery of modern science. It is an unique curative system that works unceasingly day and night and, without trusses, without pain and without discomfort, cures Rupture for ever in a surprising manner. With this wonderful discovery now an accomplished fact, there is no longer any need for the ruptured to go about in discomfort or under the fear of sudden calamity.

Simply write without delay to the Stuart Plaster Pad Co., and you will receive free of charge all you need for "First Aid" Treatment and full directions by return of post.

The astonishingly easy cures which have everywhere resulted from the Plaster Pad Treatment are due to its scientifically applied triline action.

1. A gentle, graded, continuous support which "confines" your Rupture easily and comfortably.
2. A new principle of scientific evolution which restores to the weakened muscles their lost strength and contracting power.
3. The continuous and sure attraction to the ruptured part of the tissue-building blood corpuscles which gradually cause the torn opening to close up, thus enabling the ruptured to dispense altogether with the weakening pressure of a truss or spring.

Thousands of letters from grateful men and women, once ruptured and now cured, testify to the splendid success of the Stuart Plaster Pad Treatment.

Not only is your Rupture cured completely, but you recover your full strength—look better, feel better and are enabled to live your life as it should be lived and take your place again amongst the rupture-free.

Write to-day to the Stuart Plaster Pad Co., and by return you will receive this free Plaster Pad Treatment, with full directions, and a copy of "Mr. Stuart's Book on the Cure of Rupture," packed in sturdy wrapper, and free of charge or obligation. Address: Stuart Plaster Pad Co., Dept. D.M., 68, Aldersgate-street, London, E.C. (Adv.)

## The Cornish Company

(Established Over Half a Century)



MAKERS OF  
HIGH-GRADE  
CHURCH, SCHOOL  
AND  
PARLOUR ORGANS

Recognized by the World's leading music-press as at the rank of the World's best. Sold under the economic system of direct dealing between factory and home.

THE Cornish Instrument is built to last a life-time and is a friend of good music. It will be handed down from generation to generation. Its possession is a constant "King of all Instruments."

Over 500,000 purchasers have been thrilled by its endearing melody. If you want to know how remarkably inexpensive such a beautiful luxury is, send for the Cornish Book, the most beautiful illustrated Piano and Organ Catalogue ever issued. It is free.

**CORNISH COMPANY,**  
Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

## 10/6 is all you pay

By simply paying a small deposit of 10/6 you can obtain from us within a few hours a grand "Gold Medal" British Made Piano replete with strong iron frame, check repeating action, hands on polished rose-wood case sumptuously decorated with rich floral marquetry, and we deliver packed free and carriage paid. The balance may be spread over easy monthly payments to suit your own convenience.

**CRANE, COLLARD, BRINSMEAD, AND ALL other celebrated Pianos**—supplied at exceptionally low prices. Order now for Xmas.

Organs by eminent makers from 6/- monthly.

We take any old instrument in part exchange, refund cash to patrons, turn for twelve months free, and give a 25 years' guarantee.

Several Agents Wanted.

**Crane & Sons, Ltd.**  
149, Oxford Street, London, W. 217, Scotland Road, Liverpool.  
Branches in all the important towns.

WRITE  
**NOW** FOR LIST No. 36



## ENDURANCE.

The wonderful endurance and cheerfulness of our soldiers would not be possible were they not provided with good nourishing food.

There is no gainsaying the fact that food plays a most important part in the maintenance of health—it should therefore be selected according to its health-giving properties.

Cheese figures prominently in the rations of our soldiers. Its value has been proved.

One pound of cheese contains as much nutriment as three pounds of lean beef—the constituents of cheese not only nourish and feed the body but the brain as well.

The fatty and nitrogenous elements build up the body, while the protein which it contains is very sustaining.

A healthy body has a soothing and brightening effect on the mind, and in such anxious times as the present, to fortify the body against ill health is the surest way to strengthen the power of endurance.

Everyone should therefore eat plenty of cheese, but many find certain kinds indigestible.

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese can be easily digested and eaten freely by all.

It contains special lactic cultures which destroy harmful germs in the system caused by other foods—for this reason it is superior to ordinary cheese.

Sold by Grocers and Dairy men at 6d. each.

THE WORLD-FAMED  
**ANGELUS**  
GRAND & UPRIGHT  
PLAYER-PIANOS  
THE PERFECTION OF BOTH PIANO & PLAYER.  
The Human Touch of the Master Hand.

THE SUPERB ENGLISH PIANO:  
**Marshall & Rose**  
FOR SPLENDOR OF TONE IS UNRIVALLED.  
The Piano which Inspires.

Easy Payments arranged to suit convenience of purchasers. Instruments exchanged. Good value allowed.

Kindly call or write for Illustrated Catalogue No. 41.  
**Sir Herbert Marshall & Sons, Ltd.**  
Angelus Hall, 233, Regent St., London, W.

**IDEAL XMAS PRESENTS**  
"Sons of Empire" Charms, Janey, Silver, 1/2. Post Free. "Flags and Ship" Brooch—Four Allies' Flags enamelled in correct colours, and Battleship—Gold-plated 1/3. Silver 2/6. Either post free. Xmas Catalogue 2/6

post free of Watches from 2/6. Clocks, Jewellery, Gramophones, Toys, Xmas Cards, War Souvenirs, etc.  
**PAIN BROS., Dept. M19.** "Present House, Hastings.

## HOW THE MEN IN THE TRENCHES KEEP WARM.



During his visit to the front the King watched the manufacture of charcoal for the braziers which are used in the trenches. This particular charcoal does not give off any smoke, which might reveal the men's whereabouts. The picture shows soldiers warming themselves.

## The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 11.)

Seton standing in the window behind her. "My dear, is it wise to stand there so long in the heavy dew?"

"I was thinking of so many things that I forgot the dew, I am afraid," the girl laughed. She followed her hostess into the bedroom, and there was a shade that was almost hostility in her grey eyes. The Setons had been extremely kind to her. Mr. Seton, who was responsible for all arrangements for the wedding to-morrow, was a dear. . . . But with the best will in the world, Sylvia could not bring herself to, like his sister.

"Laurence asks me to tell you that he is going over to Mr. Hillier's bungalow now, if you would care to accompany him. There are one or two things that Mr. Hillier wants to talk over before the wedding."

There was a tone in Miss Seton's voice that seemed to imply the hope that they were unpleasant things. She was one of those women who are afflicted with what is called an "unfortunate manner." There were other things unfortunate about Edith Seton as well—the way in which her thin hair grew about her polished temples, and a certain furtive look in the blue eyes, set just a shade too near her nose. John Hillier detested her, as he had lost no time in telling Sylvia.

"She's a terror, Valerie. She—well, never mind, only if you love me, ward her off. . . . the servants can't always manage it."

These words were in Sylvia's mind when she very sweetly declined the lady's offer to accompany her to the bungalow to-night.

"Laurence may be called away, you know, and—"

"I shouldn't dream of troubling you, dear Miss Seton. Mr. Seton is a splendid escort—I'm not a bit afraid."

"Hillier's in fine spirits," the missionary said as they went down the steep path together. You've been his salvation, Miss Craven. I can never be sufficiently grateful for the inspiration that came to me to write to you as I did. Some day you will realise just what your coming has done for Hillier."

The girl said nothing, her heart was too full. The man at her side understood that.

"If you go in and have your chat I'll look round for one or two of the boys," Seton said. "I shan't be long. We've to be stirring early to-morrow, you know!"

He laughed as he strode off, and Sylvia very softly pushed aside the grass mat curtain and went into Hillier's sitting-room.

The man did not hear her approach. His back was towards her, and he was intent on something that he was turning over in his hand. A letter. In the light of the swinging lamp above his head Sylvia could see it very plainly. A large square envelope of palest blue linen paper. A curious contraction seemed to seize her throat. Her breath came with a little gasping sound. Hillier started.

"Hullo, that you, old girl? Come here. Do you see what I've got?"

He held the envelope up, smiling. Sylvia said it very well indeed. It was an unopened letter, addressed in Valerie's characteristic hand.

It came by the mail half an hour ago. A letter from you, Valerie. I could never be mistaken. Been delayed, I supposed. What sport! Now you shall read it to me yourself."

The dramatic intensity of this splendid story will be increased in to-morrow's instalment.

## FISH COSTS MORE.

Owing to the restricted areas of fishing round the British coast the price of fish has gone up considerably since last week.

Some interesting figures, showing how the retail price of certain varieties of fish has gone up since last week, were given to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. The prices are given below:—

Sales, per lb.	Last Week.	Yesterday.
Salmon (whole fish), per lb.	2s. 0d.	2s. 2d.
Plaice, per lb.	1s. 4d.	1s. 6d.
Cod (whole fish), per lb.	10d.	1s. 3d.
	8d.	1s. 0d.

## GUIDE WHO DISAPPEARED

Motor-Omnibus Driver's Escape from Germans After Being Ambushed.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

FRANCE.—It was the homely notice, "Kippers—English house," chalked on a board outside a restaurant that introduced me to a cheery-looking man in khaki.

My chance acquaintance was, before the war, a London General Omnibus driver, Service 25, Victoria to Seven Kings, but now he was here in France "doing his little bit," as he put it.

He told me he had been once captured by the Germans, but escaped, and this is his story:—

"My captain, a sergeant and thirteen men were ordered out from Soissons one night with three lorries and one private car."

"The captain asked for a guide, and one was found. He was in French uniform."

"It seemed only a few minutes from the time we started when the Germans were all round us. Two of the drivers were clubbed with rifle-butts and the rest of us started scrambling and jumping down."

"The German captain came along and said in perfect English to our captain, 'Please tell your men that they must be absolutely quiet. If any of them trip the fool it will be cold steel.'

"The Germans threw some of the things out of a lorry, and one case was full of brandy, which was smashed."

"They were more careful with the other two cases, and drank the lot between them."

"We knew the British were quite close, but the Germans seemed uncertain where they were. Suddenly rifle fire met us, and then the scramble began. We all got down and took cover in a ditch, and so did the Germans, who were now too busy shooting to think of us. As daylight came the Germans were beaten back, leaving us in the ditch, and later on we got among our own men."

"And—I've been thinking since that affair. The only man we couldn't find when we lined up before the German officer was our guide, and we've never seen him since. Some of us would like to."

## HUNS' SAND AND SAWDUST COCOA.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 8.—The *Telegraph* learns that the Rotterdam police yesterday evening raided a house which was suspected of concealing cocoa intended for Germany. The police seized some packages containing cocoa, and also fifteen barrels of sand and sawdust used for the adulteration of the cocoa.—*Reuter*.

## TO REDUCE WEIGHT.

£100 IN CASE OF FAILURE.

HOW ANY FAT PERSON CAN QUICKLY REGAIN A SLENDER, WELL FORMED FIGURE.

Every fat man or woman can now reduce fat to normal without dangerous drugs, oils or acids, tiring exercises, weakening diets, irritating bath salts or other harmful old-time methods. Certain harmless sea plants extract known as Salith leaves actually dissolve all excess fat and prevent more fat from forming so that a permanent weight reduction is produced without leaving wrinkles or flabbiness even in the most obstinate cases. No matter how fat you may be, no matter what your age, sex or condition of health, nor how many things you have tried without success, get a box of Salith leaves from your chemist to-day, take them as directed and watch yourself grow thin. We have been authorised to say that £100 will be paid to the first man or woman weighing over 20 stone who can satisfactorily prove that after following the Salith leaves treatment as directed, his or her weight is not reduced. Salith leaves are not expensive, purely vegetable and are guaranteed perfectly harmless. Weakness, lassitude quickly disappear; you feel more vigorous from the start. Stop when you have reduced as much as desired.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR LAVONA LIQUID SHAMPOO, which contains 5% of Lavona de Composee, thus promoting hair growth as well as cleansing the scalp. Price 1s. 6d.—(Adv't.)

## Are you Pale, Depressed, Weak, Breathless, Weary and Easily Exhausted?

If you are—ask yourself *Is it Anæmia?* Anæmia is really weak, impoverished blood—blood in which the red corpuscles essential to life and health are numerically deficient. Symptoms of Anæmia are Lack of Energy—Depression—Breathlessness at Slight Exertion—Pallor. When any of these signs appear take instant steps to enrich and strengthen the blood before the disease can take a firm footing.

## Iron Jelloids

enrich the blood—renew vitality

To produce the rich red blood essential to health and vitality, there is no treatment so sure or effective as a course of 'JELLOIDS.' IRON 'JELLOIDS' are inexpensive, convenient, palatable and known far and wide as 'The Reliable Tonic.' When the blood has been enriched and strengthened the distressing symptoms of Anæmia quickly disappear, Energy is regained. Appetite returns and a glow of health and strength suffuses the body.

\* For Women, No. 2. For Men, No. 2A (containing Quinine). For Children, No. 1. Of all Chemists, price 1/3 and 2/3, or direct from

The 'Jelloid' Co. (Dep 72P.D.), 205, City Rd., London.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Whether your baby grows up to be a healthy man or woman or not depends on the food which it has now.

Give your baby Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food in its tenderest years, and you will be rewarded by seeing it later grown into healthy youth and manhood or womanhood. Dr. Ridge's Food is concentrated nourishment which even the weakest stomach can assimilate. It is the premier food for body and brain, quickly transforming a fretful, wailing baby into a picture of happiness and health.

Make the test—try your baby on Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food for one week. You will realise its great value. Doctors, nurses and thousands of grateful mothers recommend it.

Every chemist and druggist sells Dr. Ridge's Food in 6d., 1s. and 2s. tins, also in 2d. packets.—(Adv't.)

## Box of 70 Shades

Sent Post Free to Your Address



Ladies are invited to write (on an ordinary postcard) for *PARADES, Knitting in London—Lewiss' Wonderful Velvetene*, of East Pitt, East Dye, thoroughly durable, and the most imitator of Real Silk Velvet ever seen.

**LEWISS' WONDERFUL VELVETEEN 2/-**

Can only be obtained direct from LEWISS, 10, Market St., Manchester. In Black and all the most beautiful shades now worn. This quality is sold by best drapers at 3/6 and 4/6 a yard. Lewis's are the sole manufacturers and sellers of this Knitting Machine. You make the goods. We sell them. Machines supplied to reliable families on easy terms. No experience necessary. Good buy.

## WORK FOR MANY BRITISH HANDS!



We want a number of people throughout Great Britain to knit Hosiery for the Wholesale Trade with our Knitting Machine. You make the goods. We sell them. Machines supplied to reliable families on easy terms. No experience necessary. Good buy.

HELPING HAND STORES, (Dept. D.M.), Manchester.



# FARROW'S BANK FOR WOMEN

- Is a bank entirely managed and staffed by Women.
- Every description of joint-stock banking is transacted.
- Current Accounts are opened and interest paid on credit balances.
- Deposit Accounts: interest from 3 to 4 per cent. according to the notice of withdrawal.
- Banking by Post: Ladies who cannot visit town will find this department a great convenience.

An illustrated booklet fully explaining the advantages of a banking account can be obtained, post free, on application to the Managers.

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A. H. & CO.

## Are You Troubled by ASTHMA?

Are you being almost suffocated by that horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake night after night? Don't suffer longer, but get Potter's Asthma Cure. Gives instant relief, and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, and other lung troubles. The best remedy for bronchitis of children.

### POTTER'S Asthma Cure

Is quite safe to use. It contains no opiates, and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once.

Fill up form, and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbals, and stores for **1/-**.

### Sign this Form To-day

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E.  
Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure

NAME .....

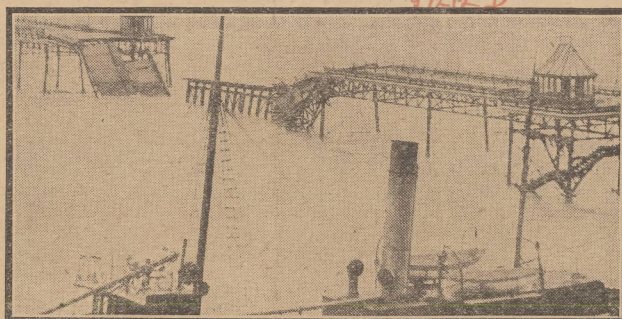
ADDRESS .....

"Daily Mirror."

## 'Hairs Never Return'

**EJECTHAIR**, although inexpensive, is a certain, safe and sure cure for unsightly hairs on the face or elsewhere. It not only causes the hairs to instantly vanish, but without pain or harm kills the roots absolutely and for ever. Sent in plain cover for 7d., with reports and actual testimonials from grateful customers, which will convince you **EJECTHAIR** is really a lasting, Permanent Cure. Send now 7d. stamps to **THE EJECTHAIR CO.**, (Dept. D.M.), 682, Holloway Rd., London, N.

## BANGOR PIER BADLY DAMAGED.



Bangor pier, damaged by the steamer *Christiana*, which was swept against the structure during the great gale.

## NEWS ITEMS.

### "Ranji" Made a Major.

Prince Ranjitsinhji, the famous cricketer, has been promoted to the rank of honorary major.

### Judge's German in Court.

As a German woman, plaintiff in a case at Marylebone, left the court yesterday the Judge wished her "Good morning" in German with the words "Guten Tag."

### Swedish Steamer Mined.

The Swedish steamer *Nora* Surire, says an Exchange Special message, yesterday struck a mine off the coast of Finland and sank, the whole crew of twenty being drowned.

### London's School for Waiters.

Proposals for increasing the facilities at Westminster Technical Institute for the training of busby boys as waiters will be made at to-day's meeting of the London County Council Education Committee.

### Cupid Cheered by War.

Women teachers marrying men going to the front are to be allowed by the Isle of Wight Education Committee to hold their teacherships till the end of the war, in spite of the rule against married women teachers.

### Cutting Down their Own Salaries.

A resolution stating that the Deputies have decided to relinquish from January 1, 1915, a fifth part of their official salaries for the benefit of the victims of the war was submitted yesterday, says *Reuter*, to the President of the French Chamber.

### Penal Servitude at Seventy-two.

Sentence of five years' penal servitude was passed by the Recorder at the Old Bailey yesterday on George Cartwright, aged seventy-two, who pleaded guilty to obtaining sums of 1s. 10d. and 2s. 6d. by false pretences. There were previous convictions.

## WARNINGS FOR ERRING WIVES.

Orders to the police as to how to deal with the wives of soldiers and sailors who misconduct themselves have been issued by the Metropolitan Commissioner. The orders are as follow:—

If the wife of a soldier or sailor is arrested for being drunk and incapable or disorderly or drunk in charge of children, she will be detained until sober. Then the station officer, instead of charging her, will appeal to her better nature, warn her of the consequences, including the loss of parental allowance, and be sure that if she persists in such conduct, and urge upon her to prove herself worthy of the husband who is away fighting for his country.

Should the wife of a soldier or sailor be convicted in court on a drinking or other serious charge after previous warnings, the fact of the conviction will be reported.

## A CHILD'S LAXATIVE IS "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

They Love to Take it, and it doesn't Harm the Tender Little Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

If your little one's tongue is coated, it is a sure sign that the stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once. When your child is cross, peevish, listless, pale or doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally; if breath is bad, stomach out of order, system "stuffy" with a cold, throat sore, or if feverish, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the clogged-up constipated waste matter, sour bile and undigested food will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know that its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure. They also know that a little given to-day saves the child a day of illness to-morrow.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company," and sold by all leading chemists, 1/12 and 1/9. Refuse substitutes.—(Adv.)

## FAVOURITES FAIL.

Small Fields and Runaway Victories at Leice ter—Windsor Meeting To-day.

The concluding stage of the Leicester meeting provided only moderate sport yesterday, and although fields were on the small side throughout only two odds-on favourites managed to score during the afternoon.

Kodak made his first appearance over hurdles in the Quady Hurdle, but he could not get a place, and Mark Minor beat the even-money favourite Amette by three lengths.

Easy victories, indeed, were quite a feature of the sport, and the only shock to arouse any real excitement was the Wigston Hurdle, in which Atherton beat Beauvry by half a length.

But the penalised Browzwing III, in the Leicester Hurdle, and another runaway victory was gained by Cross My Palm in the Belvoir Steeplechase.

## SELECTIONS FOR WINDSOR.

1. 0.—Wednesday Hurdle—MACMERRY.

1.30.—River Steeplechase—GEOFFREY HILL.

2. 0.—Windsor Hurdle—DABBER.

3.25.—Owles Steeplechase—MASTER AT ARMS.

3. 0.—Thames Hurdle—RAMSGATE.

3.50.—Forest Steeplechase—BLOODSTONE.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

\*MACMERRY and RAMSGATE.

BOUVERIE.

## LEICESTER RACING RETURNS.

1. 0.—Quady Hurdle. 2m.—Mark Minor (4-1, Part event), 1; Aurette (even), 2; Crossard (10-1), 3. Also ran: Pampel and the Kodak. Wagon Law, Polyglot, Ben Nevis, Crystal Mirror and Grithope.

1.30.—Wigston Hurdle. 11m.—Atherton (5-1, Robson), 1; Beauvry (100-1), 2; Roy Harcourt (9-4), 3. Also ran: Prickly, Little by Little, Olaf's Pride, Tears and Smiles, Gatham and The Pro.

2. 0.—Leicester Hurdle. 2m.—Eager Simon (10-1, Mr. Brabazon), 1; Browzwing III. (2-1), 2; Deside (100-9), 3. Also ran: Thika, Ballymac and Mistlaw.

2.50.—Owles Steeplechase. 3m.—Pinsden (6-1, Leal), 1; The Stot (5-2), 2; Miss Grudon (20-1), 3. Also ran: Theobald's Park, Beaumanoir, Knight of Avon and Mimbar.

3. 0.—Sleely Chase. 3m.—Pinsden (6-1, Leal), 1; Waverly Prince (6-5), 2; Matt McGrath (9-4), 3. Also ran: King of the Scalets, Ballinagool and Nimble Kate.

3.25.—Belvoir Chase. 3m.—Cross My Palm (4-9, W. J. Smith), 1; Owen John (9-4), 2.

Jack Ross, the Parkinsley professional, who will figure in the Scottish golf team against an English team at Fulwell on Saturday next, has been given his commission in the 9th Battalion Gordon Highlanders.

The death is announced of Mr. J. Humphries, president Amateur Skittle Association, 1908-9, and president of the Hammermith Amateur Skittle Club. The funeral will take place to-day at Chiswick Cemetery.

It was currently reported at Leicester that an objection had been lodged against Yellow Chat (who was awarded the Maiden Hurdle Race at Birmingham on the qualification of Fil d'Ecosse for carrying wrong weight) on the ground of failure to register an existing partnership.

## TO TRUSS WEARERS. SENSATIONAL CURES.

ANOTHER 1,000 READERS TO BE TREATED FREE.

Greatest Discovery of Modern Science. No Trusses. No Pain. No Operations.

Write to-day for:—

1. Free First-Aid Treatment for Rupture, with full directions.
2. A Free Copy of the most Valuable Book on Rupture ever published, free of charge, clearly how it occurs and how you can cure it.

So remarkable—almost unbelievable—has been the success of the thousand ruptured readers who have been given free trusses by Mr. Stuart's famous Rupture Expert, that he has decided to repeat this splendid offer to-day.

Another thousand sufferers from Rupture are invited to write at once. They will be given free of charge the benefit of the most amazing discovery of modern science. It is a unique curative system that works unceasingly day and night and, without trusses, without pain and without discomfort, cures Rupture for ever in a surprisingly short time.

With this wonderful discovery now an accomplished fact, there is no longer any need for the ruptured to go about in discomfort or under the fear of sudden calamity.

Simply write without delay to the Stuart Plaster Pad Co., and you will receive, free of charge, your full "First-Aid" Treatment and full directions by return of post.

The astonishingly rapid cures which have everywhere resulted from the Plastro-Pad Treatment are due to its scientifically applied triple action.

1. A gentle, graded, continuous support, which contains "Your Rupture easily and comfortably."
2. A new principle of scientific evolution which restores to the weakened muscles their lost strength and contracting power.
3. The continuous and sure attraction to the ruptured part of the tissue-building blood corpuscles which gradually cause the torn opening to close up, thus enabling the ruptured to dispense altogether with the weakening pressure of a truss or spring.

Thousands of letters from grateful men and women, once ruptured and now cured, testify to the splendid success of the Stuart Plastro-Pad Treatment.

Not only is your Rupture cured completely, but you recover your full strength—look better, feel better and are enabled to live your life as it should be lived and take your place again amongst the rupture free.

Write to-day to the Stuart Plaster Pad Co., and by return you will receive this free Plastro-Pad Treatment, with full directions, and a copy of Mr. Stuart's Book on the Cure of Rupture, packed in sealed wrapper, and free of charge or obligation. Address Stuart Plaster Pad Co., Dept. D.M., 68, Aldersgate-street, London, E.C.—(Adv.)

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HIGH-GRADE  
CHURCH, SCHOOL  
AND  
PARLOUR ORGANS

Recognized by the World's leading musicians as standing in the rank of the World's best. Sold under the economic system of direct dealing between factory and home.

THE Cornish Instrument is built to last a life-time and is a friend of good music. It will be handed down from generation to generation. Its possessor has commended the "King of all Instruments."

Over 500,000 purchasers have been thrilled by its enchanting melody. If you want to know how remarkably inexpensive such a beautiful luxury is, send for the Cornish Book, the most beautifully illustrated Piano and Organ Catalogue ever issued. It is free.

**CORNISH COMPANY,**  
Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

# 10/6 is all YOU need

By simply paying a small deposit of 10/6 you can obtain from us within a few days a full trichord "Gold Medal" British Made Piano replete with strong iron frame, check repeating action, handsome polished rosewood case superbly decorated with rich floral marquetry, which we deliver packed and carriage paid. The balance may be spread over easy monthly payments to suit your own convenience.

**CRANE, COLLARD, BRINSMEAD, and ALL other celebrated Pianos** supplied at exceptionally low prices. Order now for Xmas.

Organs by eminent makers from 8/- monthly.

We take any old instrument in part exchange, refund railway fares to patrons, turn for twelve months free, and give a 25 years' guarantee.

Several Agents WANTED.

**Crane & Sons.**  
149, Oxford Street, London, W. 217, Scotland Road, Liverpool.

Write for List 36

**WRITE NOW FOR LIST No. 36**







# Englishman a Corporal in the Algerian Cavalry: Picture

ARE YOU READING  
**The Two Letters**  
OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL?

## The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

ARE YOU READING  
**The Two Letters**  
OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL?

### FOOD FOR THE RUSSIAN ARMY: LONG LINE OF TRANSPORT WAGONS.

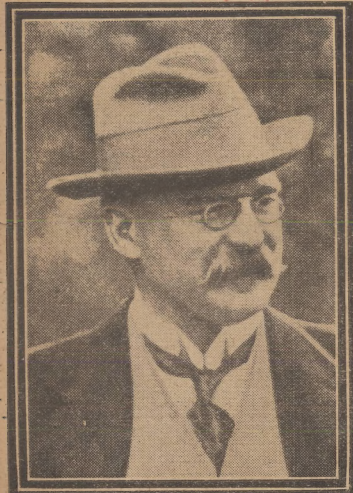


Russian transport wagons crossing a river in Poland at a point where the bridge has been destroyed. The vehicles came along the roadway in an apparently unending line. There have been terrific battles in Poland, in which the Germans are reported

to have suffered enormous losses. The enemy, however, have captured Lodz, but the Russian official communiqué issued yesterday states that the defence of the town has lost its urgency.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

#### CONSUL ON TRIAL.

P. 16687



Adolph Ahlers, ex-German Consul at Sunderland, who was arraigned for high treason at Durham yesterday. The charge was under statute of King Edward III.

#### PACKING 3,000 PARCELS.

P. 1340



Lady Henry Bentinck (bareheaded) helps to pack comforts for the soldiers at the headquarters of the Field Force Fund in Grosvenor-street, whence more than 3,000 parcels containing clothing, tobacco and sweets have been sent to the front.

#### PRINCE'S NEW DUTIES.

P. 8670



Prince Albert, who has been gazetted for special service at the Admiralty, walking to Whitehall yesterday. He will, however, shortly rejoin his old ship, the Collingwood.

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